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THE
NATION

APRIL 3, 1972 *50 cents*

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EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72
Illinois, ITT and Integration

In national terms little of importance happened in Illinois on March 21. Muskie's 63 per cent vote in the preference primary gave his candidacy a timely and badly needed boost. By not spending time and money in the preferential primary, Senator McGovern managed to pick up a small but significant number of committed delegates. The key fact of the Illinois voting was the damage suffered by the Daley machine. Dan Walker's upset victory over Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon, the machine's candidate for governor, was a severe blow. To be sure, Daley had virtually abandoned Simon in his intense preoccupation with the State's Attorney race in Cook County, which is always the race of first importance to the machine; but he lost that one as well. Forced to dump the incumbent Edward V. Hanrahan because of his role in the Fred Hampton shoot-out, Daley sponsored Raymond K. Berg, who came in second to Hanrahan. The Daley machine also lost three or four state assembly seats and one state senate seat to independent Democrats. Joseph Lundy, former assistant to Rep. Abner J. Mikva and a *Nation* contributor, swept one of the assembly races by an impressive vote.

* * *

The ongoing ITT scandal raises a point that requires clarification. Just what, asks a puzzled writer in *The Wall Street Journal*, is the wrongdoing of which the Administration must clear itself? Ted Lewis, in the New York *Daily News*, raises the same question in a different form. Why, he asks, is the Administration so sensitive—so jumpy—about the case? Isn't it simply one more demonstration that big business has easy access to any administration in power in Washington? The real issue cuts much deeper than these questions suggest, and that is why the Nixon people are so neurotically concerned.

This Administration has handled most major issues so obviously for political advantage that even those who approve of a given action are not certain just why it was taken or when it will be reversed. The atmosphere in which decisions are reached often suggests behind-the-scenes meddling even when there is none. This Administration has no accumulated reserve of public confidence and esteem. In the ITT matter the inference of a fixed or rigged decision is exacerbated by the manner in which the Administration has reacted. It might have been able to brush off the Beard "memo" as trivia, but Kleindienst demanded a hearing and it has gone badly for the Administration from the start. Then ITT's defensive strategy has been so clumsy and crude that it has prompted Felix Rohatyn, an ITT director and the banker who negotiated the Hartford merger, to say that it will have to be examined by the conglomerate's board of directors. "I don't know whether the company has handled it wrong; I know it looks wrong. . . ." Well aware that it indeed "looks wrong," the image-conscious Nixon Administration has launched a massive, overkill counteroffensive which merely enforces the impression that something is being hastily buried. More will be known soon about the Beard "memo," but it is difficult to believe that any new evidence will obliterate the damaging impression that it has created, much less induce press and public to forget about the gauche attempts to discredit Mrs. Beard, the "shredding" of her files, or recent efforts to make it appear that the memo is fraudulent. White House aide Peter Flanigan will not help his side when he invokes executive privilege and the Democrats should have many happy hours investigating his role in this and similar matters. A recent and most interesting speech by Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton (D., Mo.) on "The Flanigan Factor" is the curtain raiser.

The hearings cannot now be dropped; there is too much interest in them. Kleindienst's chances of confirmation as Attorney General are dim and will get dimmer. Rejection by the Senate would be a hard blow, yet if the Administration asked him to step aside, that too would look strange. Of course, a conspiracy indictment could be returned against Jack Anderson and his associate; the Administration could then decline all further comment (*sub judice*, you know), and the trial might be delayed until after November 7. But such a move could backfire disastrously; even this Administration is unlikely to take the risks involved. Meanwhile, the article in *Life* of March 24 on how the Administration tampered with justice in San Diego was *not* written by Clifford Irving but by Denny Walsh and Tom Flaherty, two fine investigative reporters. It has already been substantially confirmed and is further evidence, taken in the context of Jackson State, Kent State, the bizarre indictment of the Berrigans, the whitewash of the Hampton shoot-out and similar matters, that this Administration has used the Department of Justice in a highly political fashion and without much finesse. In the circumstances, therefore, the Administration's concern is understandable. What is at stake is its already badly "shredded" integrity—specifically, its reputation for honest, even-handed law enforcement.

* * *

If further evidence were needed of the politically opportunistic way in which the Administration handles key issues, it can be found in the President's televised statement on bussing and the legislation he has submitted to Congress. The "fine print" of the legislation cannot be reconciled with the statement. It is not really a "moratorium" the President seeks but a stay on any further court orders requiring bussing until July 1, 1973, or until the Equal Educational Opportunities Act is approved. "Fine print" provisions give explicit instructions to the courts of a character that, for all practical purposes, would make the "moratorium" permanent. The statement gave the impression that $2.5 billion would be requested for ghetto schools, but it is clear that this sum would consist of $1 billion already appropriated and $1.5 billion in as yet unauthorized funds. Not only is the sum grossly inadequate for the stated purpose, but it is an admission that these schools are most unequal. Nor can they be made equal merely by appropriating more funds. The President knows this. Two years back, he told Congress that more money need not be appropriated because studies had shown that so-called "compensatory education programs have not measurably helped poor children catch

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up." What the President intends is to call a halt to desegregation, in the sense that he does not want the federal government to be further involved in the process (except, possibly, to appropriate funds). In 1970 Patrick Buchanan, his speech writer, wrote the President a letter in which he said: "The second era of Reconstruction is over; the ship of integration is going down; it is not our ship; it belongs to national liberalism—and we cannot salvage it; and we ought not to be aboard." That, at least, is candid. The fact is that the President has tried, by a variety of subterfuges, to slow down the pace of desegregation which, much to his embarrassment, began to accelerate in 1968. Make no mistake about it: the President intends to reverse the direction that national policy has taken since the Supreme Court's 1954 decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. In these matters the nation cannot stand still: it either goes forward or it retreats. As former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg has said, the President wants to force a return to "separate but equal." As in the ITT matter, the underlying issue relates to the Administration's lack of integrity in handling matters of deep concern to the public. Worse than being wrong about many of these issues is the fact that it has dealt with them dishonestly.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

This Time McGovern

In the dark winter of 1967 *The Nation* decided to launch a political projectile which just might cause Lyndon Johnson some trouble on his way to what then seemed certain re-election. The result was a most successful conference held in Beverly Hills, Calif., on February 23, on the need to stop the war in Vietnam and reorder national priorities. It was on this occasion that the late Dr. Martin Luther King made his first speech expressing unequivocal opposition to the war. It was on this occasion, too, that Eugene McCarthy denounced the war in a manner that foreshadowed his decision to enter the New Hampshire primary the following year. At the same conference Senator McGovern spoke against the war and the cold-war policies of the Johnson administration. When McCarthy decided to challenge Johnson's leadership, we of course supported his candidacy. We had hoped then that Senator McGovern would also support McCarthy, as probably he would have done had not the late Robert Kennedy suddenly decided to run [see: *McGovern: A Biography* by Robert Sam Anson, p. 188]. McGovern and McCarthy were invited to speak at the conference because, in our view, they were the two men most likely to accept the risks involved in offering a challenge to Johnson's leadership. Time has justified our confidence in both men.

But this time round we express, in the spirit of primary elections, a preference for Senator McGovern. Eugene McCarthy and Mayor Lindsay remain old and valued friends; we admire and respect both men. And there are other Democrats whom we would like to see replace President Nixon in the White House; among others Senator Muskie, Senator Kennedy, Terry Sanford or Governor Askew. But at this time our preference is Senator McGovern. Our feeling about him personally was expressed in an editorial entitled "Can A Good Man Win?" (quoted in the Anson biography p. 268). He has qualities of

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1972 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 214
No. 14

APR 3 '72

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mind and character and personality, of background and training and experience, which would make him a truly great President. His mild, soft-spoken manner belies his basic strength of character and sense of purpose. If he weren't so modest and unassuming, his distinguished World War II record would be better known; that record disposes of the notion that in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation McGovern, being such a "nice guy," would be the first to blink. On the political side of the record, he has succeeded in putting together the kind of left-of-center coalition that the Democratic Party badly needs. Precisely because his strongest appeal is to the motivated voter, the polls minimize his constituency. In New Hampshire he did well, as expected, in college communities, but the vote he received in blue-collar ethnic districts demonstrates that he has rapport with such groups. He has shown excellent political judgment, as in minimizing the importance of the Florida free-for-all and by building a strong amateur-activist organization. He has stressed the right issues. Not once has he wavered in his firm conviction that the war in Vietnam is the prime issue.

His position on other issues is admirable and amply supported by his voting record. What he did recently at the University of Illinois is a measure of the man. Before speaking, he suggested that the audience of some 3,000 students should hear what President Nixon was about to say on the subject of bussing. When the President had finished his speech, McGovern went up to the rostrum. "What we have just witnessed," he said, "is a collapse of moral and political leadership by the President, a total surrender to Wallaceism and the demagoguery it represents. He has talked for years about law and order. What he has asked Congress to do is to defy the courts and defy the Constitution. This course will doubtless be welcomed by many frightened people, but it represents a back-door sneak attack on the Constitution of the United States." That statement, reports Anthony Lewis in *The New York Times,* convinced even the most detached observers of McGovern's passion, articulation and courage. "In a plastic primary campaign, filled with nonevents and media slickness, here was something real happening. . . . A candidate was expessing his beliefs live . . . in fact he was showing that he had beliefs." There is a ravenous appetite for political leadership of this order today and the greatest possible need for it.

Senator McGovern really has only one problem: the cynicism of voters. In other arenas they may have confidence that good will prevail over evil, but in Presidential elections they are inclined to hedge their convictions. The Washington Press Club is the former Women's National Press Club. Recently, at the opening of its Club Pub at the Sheraton Carlton—ITT did not pick up the tab—the results of a straw vote preference were announced. Preference ballots were cast as follows: Nixon 49; McGovern, 31; Muskie, 28; Humphrey, 18; Jackson, 7; Chisholm, 5; Mills, 3; Kennedy, 3. But McGovern drew 43 ballots when those polled were asked to name the person they would like to see the Democrats nominate. Then a "reality" poll was taken, as to whom they believed would be elected. The results: Nixon 141; Muskie, 16; Kennedy, 5; Humphrey, 3; and McGovern, 3. Here is the quintessence of McGovern's problem: the reluctance of voters, out of cynicism, to believe in the viability of the candidate they prefer. But in the New Hampshire primary, Nixon drew only 39 per cent of all votes cast; 61 per cent of those who voted cast ballots for other candidates. As we said last summer, if McGovern should get the Democratic nomination he would offer the sharpest and clearest contrast to the Nixon "image." It is amazing that voters who have been culturally conditioned to believe that, face to face, at Black Rock or Omaha Beach, the "good guy" always wins, should be so gullible as to believe that the reverse *must* be true in this year's election. Against Nixon, McGovern would win. He, unlike the President, does not need to worry about his image; the image is the man. A man with beliefs would be opposing a man whose only firm belief is that no belief is worth risking an election for.

Heath Finally Moves

British statesmen are forever stressing that they have a special relationship with Ireland and the Irish people. The Irish, North and South, agree. Indeed, the statement is so obviously true that it seems a waste of breath to keep repeating it. Two islands, so close together and for centuries under a common government, must necessarily have a special relationship. We have that relationship with Great Britain, though an ocean divides us.

But the tragic fact is that the Anglo-Irish relationship, of inestimable value to both peoples, is threatened today by a political relationship that has never had more than legal validity and that now is the principal obstacle to ending the horrors in Northern Ireland. Secretary Reginald Maudling declares in the House of Commons: "You cannot withdraw your own troops from your own country so long as they are needed to support the civil power in maintaining law and order." That is the kind of political "truth" that everyone knows to be false. Cornwall is part of England; Northern Ireland is held by England—there is a vast difference. And the worst of it is that the British Government's stubborn refusal to acknowledge that difference can only make the situation progressively worse. The way things are going, Parliament may goad Northern Ireland into a full-scale civil war.

William Craig, a former minister for home affairs and a leader of the extremist Protestants in Northern Ireland, told a crowd of 50,000 in Belfast on March 18 that if the politicians failed, it might be the job of Protestants "to liquidate the enemy." He qualified this bombast: "We don't want an indiscriminate holocaust. We don't want innocent people to suffer. We don't want to find ourselves in general conflict with the Roman Catholic community, but we do want to see that the terrorists are sought out."

Some 700 alleged terrorists have been interned; that is one of the reasons for the steadily worsening situation. Another is the conviction of the Protestant extremists that Northern Ireland is *their* country and that any means are justified in its defense. Thus Martin Smyth, a Presbyterian minister and county grand master of the Orange Order in Belfast, supported Mr. Craig with a mixture of menace and self-justification. "Liquidation," he said, "is a good, strong term. We shall be compiling dossiers. If the government doesn't deal with the situation, we will. . . . We will not sit idly by. And we will not watch our way of

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life end here." The language is practically the same as that of Southern slaveowners in the United States before the Civil War—and after the slaves were legally freed.

After seven weeks of hesitation and negotiation, Heath has finally moved—Stormont is to be suspended for one year. Despite two days of intense negotiation, he could not induce Faulkner to accept the decision. As a consequence Faulkner, after consulting his "cabinet," has resigned. Indeed he had to resign or his own party would have ousted him. Now Northern Ireland will be, for the time being, run from Belfast by Mr. Heath's commissioner designate, the Rt. Hon. William Whitelaw, Leader of the House of Commons.

Mr. Lynch, in Dublin, lost no time in issuing a statement: "I regard the initiative of Mr. Heath and his government as a step forward in seeking a solution of the last remaining problem in Anglo-Irish relations." It is that, a step in the right direction. But has it come too late? Or will the much-feared "Protestant backlash" now strike back? Perhaps not; there is too much to lose (British subsidies for one thing) and the prospects of "victory" would not be bright.

The 'Crippling' Strike

In the period from 1936 to 1949 or thereabouts, General Electric bargained with a strong and united union. This interval started auspiciously with the passage of the law creating the National Labor Relations Board, and if the terms on which management and labor bargained were not exactly equal, at least they approached it.

Then, for two decades—1949-69—General Electric was top dog. That was the period of Boulwarism, named after the famed General Electric negotiator who invented a technique of bargaining whereby the first offer is the last. Boulware rose to high office in GE, and GE got away with nonbargaining that masqueraded as bargaining, because, as a result of the cold war and McCarthyism, the union split. Instead of confronting one united union, GE gave two unions a repeated runaround.

In 1969 the situation became desperate, and GE's employees went on strike for 102 days. Boulwarism had its foreseeable result, because that strike was really not over wages, hours and benefits. The unions' goal was to force GE to bargain, in the accepted sense of the term, for the first time in twenty years. With their backs to the wall, the unions maintained a fairly fraternal relationship. And GE did bargain, not much but some.

The company recovered rapidly from the wounds it had received. In 1969 its sales amounted to $8.4 billion, which rose to $9.4 billion in 1971. Even for a giant like GE, the gain was not peanuts. The company salted some of it away: earnings retained for reinvestment rose from about $43 million in 1969, the lowest in ten years, to $222 million, the highest in that period. Dividends per common share did not change much, up to $1.38 from $1.30; however, in April 1971 there was a 2-for-1 stock split. But what is most striking is the decrease from a worldwide employee average of 410,000 in 1969 to 363,000 in 1971. A cut in the work force of 11 per cent is music to any management's ears.

Then there is the matter of "productivity"—a nice-sounding term for getting more work out of fewer workers. Staughton Lynd writes about productivity in the March 15th *Guardian*—a reprint of a speech he made before a rank-and-file organization of steelworkers. In his Labor Day address last fall, President Nixon declared that what the U.S. economy needs from the U.S. worker "can be summed up in a single, often misunderstood word: productivity." Inland Steel publishes a magazine which featured an article by the company's chairman of the board, "Productivity: the Key to Our Future." The basic steel contract signed last August contains a productivity clause which I. W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers, is busily selling to the 600 locals. There is a pattern in that industry of cutting costs—and employment. Between 1950 and 1970 the number of its wage employees declined from about 500,000 to about 400,000, a yearly decline of about 5,000. A young steelworker at a U.S. Steel mill in South Chicago summed it up after the new contract was signed: "I kept asking myself what we gave up. Suddenly I realized it was our jobs." Whether it's steel or electrical machinery or whatever, he is not far off.

The Air War

Earlier in the Indochinese war—while it was still confined to South Vietnam and Laos—the Joint Chiefs of Staff and President Johnson could not comprehend how the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong could stand up against American infantry and artillery, backed up by American technology and air power. Nevertheless, when it became abundantly clear that the enemy could survive indefinitely under these conditions—thus making the war a serious political issue in the United States—President Nixon decided to pull out American troops by slow degrees, making a big publicity splurge whenever a few battalions were shipped home. Air power alone, he assured us, would be enough to shore up the Saigon regime.

But is it? Mr. Nixon, one hears, doesn't read the papers; only summaries of stories that his assistants think worth his attention. He should require that they provide him with a thorough summary of Craig R. Whitney's March 19th dispatch from Danang (*The New York Times,* March 20). It begins with a quote from a young Air Force pilot, still shaken by a barrage his small observation plane received from antiaircraft gunners on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. "The bad guys have gone 20th century," said this good guy.

Missions along the Trail used to be milk runs, but no longer. A forward air controller reports on the air war over Laos: "The air defenses out there are so heavy now that there are certain areas we just don't fly in. We just don't have unchallenged air superiority any more in some parts of Laos."

It is not only a matter of ground-to-air artillery and missile launchers; MIG-21 pilots are increasingly ready to challenge American fighter aircraft. So far the Americans have had the best of it, but not always, and it is unpleasant to risk getting potted from the ground when one's attention is on a nearby MIG.

It would seem that Mr. Nixon is in something of a quandary. A recent Harris poll indicates that the war is

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still very much on the minds of many Americans: a plurality of 46-to-20 per cent feels that if there is no negotiated peace agreement by November, the President will not have kept his 1968 pledge to end the war. Politically, therefore, it is incumbent on him to go on withdrawing troops. But he has also made a promise to himself and to the right-wing Republicans to win the war—or at least not to lose it too obviously. If the enemy increases his air effort, therefore, Mr. Nixon must counter in kind, and the war will go on.

It may be that the greatest peril to the embattled Indochinese is not American military power; much less is it the South Vietnamese military effort and still less the Cambodian Government, which cannot even defend its own capital. It is the possibility of a sellout by those loyal allies, the Chinese and the Russians. We may be doing them, and Mr. Nixon, an injustice, but the reiterated protestations that no deals were arrived at in Peking, and that none will be made in Moscow, is not the way diplomacy is usually carried on. Mr. Nixon is not doing all this traveling just to exchange toasts and zoological exhibits. If he can work out deals—particularly Russian deals—which will reduce Chinese and Russian aid to North Vietnam, Hanoi might be forced to come to terms. We hope not, for if ever a nation's cause was just, theirs was and is.

Simple Justice

If principled men can't learn from a demagogue, that's too bad for the principled—and for the country. George C. Wallace has listed some of the reasons why people vote for him: one is "low Social Security payments to the elderly." The payments are so low that often they barely keep retired people from starving. And if they can work and earn more than $30 a week, they start losing their pensions. If they earn enough to keep alive under minimal conditions of comfort, they lose all of it.

There is no justification for the provision on employment in the Social Security laws. The old-age pension is not a gift; it isn't what Wallace calls a "welfare giveaway." The pensioner paid for it while he was working. A millionaire can collect unlimited amounts in dividends, rents, etc., and light his cigars with his Social Security checks. Just as long as he doesn't work, or works only at enjoying himself, he is entitled to it. If a General Motors or ITT chairman retires on half his salary of about $750,000 a year, he is entitled to his entire Social Security pension.

The law does allow a person 72 years old, or older, to work without losing any of the Social Security pension. The idea is that very few will be able to do so. Retired persons of *any* age should be allowed to earn whatever they can manage to earn, without losing a cent of pension.

THE BLACK CONVENTION

COMING TOGETHER IN GARY

ERWIN A. JAFFE
Mr. Jaffe is an associate professor of political science at the University of New Hampshire.

The National Black Political Convention, which met in Gary, Ind. from March 10 to 12, marked, however uncertainly, a new beginning for American blacks. Its meaning was aptly expressed by the Rev. Jesse L. Jackson:

> I don't care how much confusion we have here today. This is a beautiful occasion. . . . We are pregnant. We are ready for change, and whether a doctor is there or not, the water has broke, the blood has spilled. A new black baby is going to be born.

The collective parents of this baby were the approximately 3,500 delegates and alternates, and several thousand observers, who in turn claimed proxy for the 23-to-25 million black Americans not present. By simply being there, by coming together, they joined with Jackson to make the point: this was a public birth, the coming into existence of a black child who is, or whose parents intend him to be, visible to all.

Logistically, the convention was a near disaster. Located in a high school impressively mammoth but ill-designed for the occasion, subjected to interminable delays and interruptions (some apparently contrived), inconvenienced by a shortage of housing facilities that scattered delegates (the Illinois delegation protested that it had been placed in a motel 31 miles away—and with no arrangements for transportation), financially destitute by comparison with a Republican or Democratic gathering (and certainly the recipient of no large endowment from public-spirited corporations), the convention operated in an atmosphere approaching chaos.

These difficulties were magnified by decisions seemingly forced on the conveners. Delegates, though younger and poorer than their counterparts at traditional political conventions, were incongruously charged $25 to register (a resolution from the floor finally did order special consideration for hardship cases). And while denunciations of the values and concerns of a white, money-oriented society were commonplace, interspersed with demands to "cut us in," the arrangements could readily convince observers that they were witnessing a replica of the typical American convention. Concessionaires lined the walls, trading vigorously and at high prices in pennants and celebrations of folk heroes, many of them martyred. Appropriate buttons and books were on sale everywhere. The convention floor, with its familiar arrangement by states, in apparent acknowledgement of the priority of the ongoing federal system, looked ilke an imitation of the "real" thing—that is, it gave the impression that a candidate was being selected and a platform being written in the customary style.

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Nor was the echo of white politics dimmed by the kind of "news" that did emerge. Reports circulated, and were printed, of splits between "nationalists" and "integrationists"; between those who favored endorsement of Shirley Chisholm and those who didn't; between those who spoke for a new black political party *now* (Reverend Jackson) or in the immediate future (Mayor Richard G. Hatcher of Gary); between those who favored or opposed bussing (resolutions were passed condemning bussing and integration but not, so it was claimed, rejecting the principle of desegregation and supporting the CORE plan for "Unitary Community Controlled School Districts"); between opponents and supporters of the executive committee's decision to let white reporters cover the convention. But even bad management, deliberate delays and internal conflict could not hide what delegates from forty-three states and ten national black organizations succeeded in doing. They not only came to Gary, they came together in Gary; they sustained the first contemporary, nationwide effort to drive off the curse of black invisibility.

The invisibility that afflicts black men and women is not synonymous with lack of celebrity or achievement. There are indeed obstacles to blacks in these respects, but black invisibility is more fundamental. It is a denial of and obstruction to humanness. The black man in a white world has been unseen because his presence as a singular human being has not been acknowledged. The white world attaches pre-established images to him, identifies him accordingly as "a Negro," sees then only the stereotype and thus loses sight of the man. Regarded only as representatives of a category fixed in the mind of the beholder, he is invisible. The world deals with him *as if* he weren't there.

This nonexistence (from the world's point of view) would mean little if it did not in addition threaten the invisible man's own sense of individuality and presence. But it does. He is incapable of identifying with those around him, those who matter most to him, because, being black, they are similarly afflicted. Denied his uniqueness, denied the presence of those other individuals who can confirm his individuality, the invisible man is doomed to an existence in which he measures himself and is measured against stereotypes, a life without the possibility of authentic identity. Black men, as long as their world is white, are therefore lost not only to whites but also to themselves.

How then can a black man achieve visibility? How is he to be seen as *somebody,* not as a large or small, dark or light pebble on the beach? The black answer began to be given in this country in the drive to wipe out the shame inculcated among blacks by millions of white-sponsored humiliations. By stressing black pride, black pan-nationalism, black identity, black power—terms now used to describe a sense of black brotherhood that had been aroused at last—black consciousness began to emerge. The simple gesture implied by the words "brother" and "sister," now commonplace, reinforces *connectedness,* makes possible a self-generated group identity that simultaneously opens the possibility to individual identity. The Gary convention, by moving one step further, by openly displaying community and consensus, by certifying the existence of a "black nation," also reasserted the right of each black man to his manhood, each black woman to her womanhood.

What happened in Gary, then, to quote a comment by Hannah Arendt about a very different movement, was that the men and women who came there "had become 'challengers,' had taken the initiative upon themselves, and therefore . . . had begun to create that public space between themselves where freedom could appear." The "freedom" sought in Gary is precisely that condition that people achieve when they inject themselves into or create a public arena or forum, a place in which they can meaningfully act together to shape out, insofar as human beings can, their destinies. And this kind of coming together, rather than the means by which men get their cut or share of society's pie, rather than the pressures they develop to push and pull at one another, is the underlying realm without which they can never act and never be free, the realm of "power."

That sense of power was understood and expressed by the men and women at the National Black Political Convention. It was evident in the bearing, the faces, the words of the men and women who testified before the Resolutions and Platform Committees. It was evident in the attitudes of members of a small Western delegation, who admitted to some doubts as the convention opened, who were bothered by the "troubled looks" on the faces of "the people around here," but who within the few days found themselves happily joined in an important undertaking with their brothers.

It was evident in the behavior of convention leaders: Hatcher, Reps. Charles Diggs and Walter Fauntroy, the latter an impressive and able chairman of the convention's platform committee, all moderates moving into more militant stances; Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones), a militant who presided over the final and crucial session and who, however confused and occasionally dictatorial his chairmanship, nonetheless clearly adopted a relatively moderate position and repeatedly urged the delegates to maintain "unity without uniformity;" and the Reverend Jackson, at some points eager for quick action to form a new party, at others seemingly ready to endorse Shirley Chisholm, but, publicly at least, calling on the delegates to honor those leaders who had called them "home to Gary." Internal struggles undoubtedly took place, but the entire leadership, none of them yet with the influence of the late Martin Luther King or Malcolm X, knew what this meeting was about, knew the importance of black visibility.

And it was evident in the decisions reached: to "move forward" with a national Steering Committee and National Black Assembly; to adopt a National Black Political Agenda and its preamble, the Gary Declaration. Despite inconsistencies within the agenda and between it and the declaration, both were written in the spirit of initiation:

> We may choose in 1972 to slip back into the decadent white politics of American life, or we may press forward, moving relentlessly from Gary to the creation of our own Black life. . . . We begin here and now in Gary. We begin with an independent Black Political Agenda, an independent Black spirit. Nothing less will do. . . .
>
> (*Quoted from the printed, preliminary version.*)

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American blacks had reached a crucial moment in the long march which began with their emigration to the North in the 1920s. In the thirties they had moved into the Democratic Party as a significant voting bloc, now possibly 20 per cent of that party's voters, strategically located in the larger states. By the fifties, they were involved in joint civil rights demonstrations with whites. By the sixties, they had put together organizations no longer dependent on white support or leadership. They had been moving from "passion," in the old meaning of suffering the acts of others, toward action and initiation. Now they were trying to erect the spirit and substance of a political shell within which to work together. To be able to display that much, to make it clear beyond speculation that black men and women were now visible and were consequently going to be heard, was an extraordinary achievement.

The Washington Post

On March 10, before the convention officially opened, the NAACP issued a statement rejecting the Gary declaration, the preamble to the National Black Political Agenda:

> It is clear that in fundamental tone and thrust, as well as in numerous of its specific references, it is not an acceptable document to the NAACP. If the "agenda" adopted by the Convention turns out to be consistent with the draft preamble, the agenda will also be impossible for the NAACP to endorse.
>
> The draft preamble is rooted in the concept of separate nationhood for black Americans. . . . It proclaims a doctrine of black racial superiority in that it holds that only persons of African descent are capable of spearheading movements toward desirable change in the society.

The NAACP correctly noted that the preamble did not follow its own logic and opt for complete separation of blacks and whites, but it could not know at that time that the agenda, not yet released, was to have a thrust very different from that of the preamble. It calls for "reshaping of American institutions that currently exploit black America and threaten the whole society," demands proportional black representation in the economy and political system, urges home rule for the District of Columbia —in sum, is largely reformist in character, despite rhetorical flourishes.

The agenda's discussion of "economic empowerment" takes a similar line, demanding reparations, forced allocation of funds from private foundations to the black community, termination of racist union practices or encouragement of parallel black unions by the federal government, a guaranteed annual income of $6,500 for families of four, curtailment of defense spending, revamping of the mass transit system, etc. In sum, the original agenda chooses neither separation nor integration, but leans toward black involvement within the system in cooperation with the national government *and* with black community control. It straddles, and it does so because of difficulties that cannot be glossed over.

No talk about ethnic politics can hide the differences between the black movement and the "characteristic" immigrant pattern. Sons and daughters of immigrants penetrated the society, at first individually and then in clusters. They eventually converted municipal politics into an aspect of this societal penetration, using city hall as an economic as well as political directorate, thereby making "politics" a vehicle for general upward social mobility. They either "Americanized" themselves or built new ladders of social prestige for hyphenated (Irish-American, Italian-American, et al.) groups. This process was set in motion while the country, however ambivalently, still welcomed strangers. Whatever the tensions produced, much of the conflict was absorbed and localized over a long period by adjustment and assimilation within the society.

But while ethnic groups adjusted to or were being adjusted by America, blacks were rejected, isolated and shut out of society. Their *current* effort comes well after the promise of upward mobility had weakened and is late precisely because of racism. The old tension-absorbing devices, even if they could be relied upon, will simply not work fast enough in the current context to suit anyone. To complicate matters further, every issue is now quickly nationalized by the media: local disputes and confrontations are transformed into national crises. The integrationist notion, modeled after the experience of immigrants, is therefore at best only moderately applicable to the current problems of blacks.

The alternative approach, though forced on some blacks by persistent white racism, possesses its own logic. Stressing a black heritage and history, rather than seeing the black man as a reflex of the European experience, it reinforces the self-identity that was so much in the air at Gary. But it creates serious problems and dangers.

Modern American (internal) political experience is largely geographical; it is not hooked to political connectedness based on race. Our political space is a given; our political involvement is an accident of place and placement. We have been citizens because we live within an already defined boundary. The only experience the United States has had with groups that "make" their own boundaries has been with classes and occupational groupings—

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workers, farmers, businessmen—defined by interests; it is a form of political "coming together" particularly congenial to the American outlook, that is, congenial to an almost exclusive concentration on economic gains and losses.

The black movement, to the degree that it identifies as a separate nation culturally linked to Africa, is not rooted in class—despite the impoverishment of blacks—but in skin color, race and "history." This represents a dynamic which, despite American experience with white racism and with hardened, hysterical world views and ideologies, our own and others', threatens the myths that have propped up the American political dialogue for some time. That threat in turn gives rise to a fear of an inverted white racism or Nazism.

Since human affairs are unpredictable, the fear cannot simply be brushed aside. There is no evidence that the American black movement, despite bitterness toward whites, is committed to race war. It represents not a majority turning on a minority but a minority trying to get itself together. Its first, and undoubtedly long-term, orientation is internal. "Love thyself," "respect thyself," are its primary mottos. The implications of black American nationalism are, at least for the time being, remote from the racism that has plagued human affairs. Yet the long-term consequences of the separatist or nationalist impulses of American blacks, particularly as the society continues to demonstrate an inability to face acute problems and particularly as blacks feel driven to disrespect "law and order" —that is, the boundaries white society lays down for them —could be a hardening of blind race hatred and the eventual emergence of a yet more vicious white racism and accompanying black racism.

This possibility becomes even more foreboding when, stepping away from the black movement per se, one glances at the general societal situation, particularly as it affects the current election campaign. What is observable is increasing fragmentation. American society looks like an array of disconnected groups, each struggling with "its" problems, each increasingly angered by the imposition of "others' " problems. As this tendency escalates, the capacity to resolve any problem weakens (for no one difficulty in the society is in fact disconnected from any other), and a general political malaise intensifies. The fabric of American life, in short, is simply coming apart.

Recent electoral history demonstrates this. The 1964 election, a Johnson landslide, obscured but did not bury these tendencies. The Goldwater "movement" and candidacy was unlike previous campaigns within or by a major political party in the United States. Born in the suburb-cities of the New West, Goldwaterism was largely a rebellion against "sameness," that is, the relative lack of sharp class differentiation previously characteristic of that part of American society above the poverty level. It responded to discontent among the middle- and upper-middle classes with a style of life that did not produce traditional status rewards. The Goldwater campaign therefore followed ideological patterns relatively novel in American politics: voting blocs were built around an inner core of the already persuaded; individuals and groups with apparently similar discontents were appealed to; and an effort was made to build an alliance among professionals who no longer felt the status gratifications of their antecedents, the relatively well-to-do among the retired, the new rich and the young, struggling middle-class families. Above all, little energy was wasted on pulling together the typical American electoral alliance, which cuts across as many lines as possible. Fragmentation was treated as inevitable *and* desirable, given the widely proclaimed loss of traditional values. The plan worked well enough among the believers, it developed strong support among those who attributed the rise of blacks to big government, it gave Goldwater and the Republicans the South, but otherwise produced what appeared to be a crushing defeat.

In 1968, the third party Wallace candidacy produced a sometimes overlapping but essentially different constituency. Wallace spoke (and speaks) directly to those who fear the blacks, who equate their rise with decisions of the Supreme Court and the bureaucracy, who associate the tensions in the society with the fat cats in government and business and with radicals on the campus. He appeals to the many who can barely conceal their rage, as he put it in 1968, at the "smart folks who look down their noses at you and me." He can thus, with plain talk that is strikingly different from the flabby rhetoric of most other politicians, appeal to rural Southern voters, to lower-middle-class concerns over schooling, high prices and heavy taxes, and to laborers who might be willing to concede "equal education" to blacks but who resent bitterly their presence on welfare rolls and accept them neither as neighbors nor as competitors for jobs. He addresses himself, in sum, to the sense of societal stasis and degeneration manifest in the anger of the lower and lower-middle classes, and he does so with obvious success—10 million votes in 1968 and a possibly serious threat to the Democratic Party in 1972.

The 1968 anti-war movement was yet another exercise in fragmentation, representing disenchanted youngsters, mostly white and largely of middle-class background allied with an assortment of academic and other middle-class allies. While this group found itself shut out of or chose to remove itself, at least in part, from the 1968 election, and while its core issue, the war, is less viable, it was also a protest against the banality and injustices of the great society. And the McCarthy campaign in important respects followed tactics similar to those of Goldwater and Wallace. No alliances or concessions were to be made to "hard hats" or, for that matter, to blacks. There is good reason to believe that disenchantment persists and that a reasonable percentage of new young voters feel similarly, though thus far at least this group is divided and without a candidate in 1972.

If the new black movement is added into the mixture, the possibilities are obvious. The electoral strategy adopted at Gary is entirely negative. Democrats will either learn to give blacks their due or black voters will be urged to sit on their hands. Republicans may be appealed to if the Democrats fail, but realistically that threat means little. Furthermore, the decision to endorse no candidate, not even Shirley Chisholm, makes it certain that her constituency at the Democratic convention will consist exclusively of uncommitted black delegates.

Overlooked is the possibility that even the Gary leadership cannot deliver the black votes. Overlooked is the

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opportunity to come to Miami with an organized black delegation armed with platform proposals and candidate. But what other strategy fits a perspective that regards Humphrey, Wallace and Nixon—momentarily the strongest Presidential possibilities—as identical by virtue of their "whiteness"? Ironically, that conviction plays directly into Wallace's hands, as the Florida primary suggests. While he may well wind up with enough votes, or at least enough "prestige" to create havoc at the Democratic convention, the new black political movement has apparently decided to arrive there as an interested bystander.

That may be what the disenchanted in the United States would like to see. However, those who fear a move to the right, and who suspect that Wallace victories in Democratic primaries will make only less likely any Republican disposition to offer blacks and other disenfranchised groups more than empty gestures, have good reason to be anxious. And everyone must wonder when good liberals will take any of these tensions seriously, when they will concede that this is not the best of all possible worlds and begin to address themselves to the legitimate complaints, and they are many, of each of these groups.

In any event, the new black baby is going to be very busy indeed. While many whites, in spite of what some blacks believe, wish it well and even wonder how they can help, others will watch in contempt and fear. The ultimate irony is that blacks, who have been the victims of a cruel racism, will now also feel the burden of monitoring and attenuating that racism—lest they become the victims of a violent black/white confrontation. But that kind of responsibility is, after all, what authentic political movements seek to achieve. And it was a political movement, however immature, that finally came together in Gary. □

JOY AND SHOCK

RUSSIA'S JEWS COME 'HOME'

HERBERT KROSNEY

Jerusalem

One of my good friends in Israel is a longtime Russian-language broadcaster for Kol Israel, the Voice of Israel. Born in Vladivostok of Russian-Jewish parents who fled south to Shanghai after the Communist revolution, he came to Israel in 1948 as an Irgun warrior. Later, he worked as a surveyor in the Negev, as a correspondent for an Israeli newspaper from Eilat on the Red Sea, and now as a free-lance journalist in Jerusalem.

Several times a week, beginning in 1962 and throughout the 1960s my friend went to the Kol Israel office near the Russian compound in downtown Jerusalem. (The office site is totally accidental: a complex of Israeli Government buildings stemming from the time of the British mandate surrounds a large courtyard and a now abandoned Orthodox Russian Church; the area has come to be known as the "Migrash Russim," the Russian compound.)

There, several times a week, he would broadcast in his native Russian to people he believed were listening in Kiev, Odessa, Georgia; in Moscow, Leningrad, Riga. Unlike the Voice of America or Radio Free Europe, his programs were never jammed by the Soviet authorities, probably because they never undertook a direct anti-Soviet propaganda line, but dealt instead in a rather dry manner with affairs of Israeli and Jewish interest.

As he broadcast, he had a mental picture of Russian Jews sitting around cherished radios, waiting for the Voice of Israel to bring light into their lives. Just how many he reached he could not know, but he did get reports that they were listening, and whether his audience was in the thousands or tens of thousands seemed irrelevant—as long as the yearning for Israel existed, he believed it would spread. He was certain that more Jews would come to realize that Israel, not Russia, was their homeland.

Many in Israel and elsewhere found it hard to believe that Russian Jews in any significant numbers were indeed listening. On the Day of the Law, Simcha Torah, many Jews still chose to identify with their people by celebrating in front of Moscow's Central Synagogue; but aside from that gesture, it seemed unlikely, after fifty years of communism, of strictly atheistic education, of the suppression of religion (and particularly of Judaism), that the Jewish heart still beat in the Soviet Union. A history of Czarist anti-Semitism, of anti-Semitic outbursts in the Stalin period, of the doctors' plot and the trial of predominantly small Jewish merchants for "economic crimes" combined to reinforce this pessimism. Intelligent Russian youth, like much of youth throughout the world, appeared more drawn to universalism than to a "narrow" nationalism. Russian Jewry was probably doomed to assimilation.

The facts were obviously different. How the faith in and quest for Jewish identity maintained itself over fifty years without contact with the free Western world, much less the world of Jewry, remains a puzzle. Yet in Moscow and elsewhere, small circles of Jews taught themselves Hebrew, spread the word of Jewish nationalism and identity, and generally tried to keep alive some covenant of togetherness with their people and their religion. These Russian Jews asked themselves questions, too. What was the essence of being a Jew? Was it valuable to keep a "Jewish sense" of life? What life perspective did "Jewishness" offer? Although the answers were never clear, the questions were still asked; and in the asking, perhaps, it became clear that the answers, whatever they were, were important.

My friend and others in Israel, especially old-timers who themselves stemmed from Russia, did not want to give up on Soviet Jewry. The broadcasts continued, at first three and four times a week, then daily, bringing news of Israel and the world into Russia. The Six Day War had a galvanizing effect on Soviet Jewry, and strengthened the ties of many Soviet Jews with Israel.

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Thus began a historical exodus—truly one of those moments in history that tend to surpass understanding. For the faith of the Russian Jews in Israel is just that—an act of faith, not necessarily sustained by the logic of history, except perhaps for Jewish history, which is in itself an almost incomprehensible subject.

I am almost sorry to be writing in the year 1972 with such emotionalism about the ideal of the lost and now restored Zion. But it is necessary to hear the stories of the Russian Jews, to begin to see their faces in and around Jerusalem, to hear Russian spoken actively in the streets, and then to know that idealism can lie deep in the heart of a people and express itself after half a century of attempted cultural extinction.

Those Russian Jews had been listening in Moscow, Odessa, Kiev and elsewhere. At first perhaps, there were only thousands, then tens of thousands—and as the Soviet authorities began to ease emigration restrictions, possibly hundreds of thousands. Some 3,500 Jews came to Israel last January, and the same number the month before. They will continue to arrive, month by month, as long as the Soviet authorities permit them to leave. In many cases, people who had not dreamed a year ago that they would want to go to Israel, suddenly find themselves believing that it is the one great desire of their lives. Before getting departure permits, they often endure months of unemployment; they abandon everything they have, except for $100, and their furniture (but only if that furniture is old—new furniture cannot be shipped to Israel). Free emigration will not immediately bring all of the Soviet Jews to Israel, but it will bring them in numbers greater than anyone had dreamed possible in the 1950s and 1960s. I would guess that at least one-tenth of Russian Jewry, some quarter of a million persons, would come to Israel immediately.

It is also evident that the circle of Jewish patriots within Russia is constantly expanding. I say patriots deliberately, for in the lexicon of Russian Jewry one does not speak of "immigration" to Israel; the word is "repatriation." The Russian Jews consider that they are returning to a homeland they have never seen, and with which their only contact during the last two decades has been the Voice of Israel.

The stickers on half the cars in Israel proclaim "Let My People Go." The heart of Pharaoh has suddenly melted, but his motives remain obscure. The Soviets, after all, are allied with the Arabs, and the specter of additional large-scale Jewish immigration to Israel hardly brings tears of joy to Arab eyes (it does, however, give the Soviets an additional bargaining point with their Arab clients). Clearly, the political pressure of the last few years by Jews throughout the world and inside the Soviet Union has had its effect. Much of this work has been unpublicized; some of it has been dramatic. Especially in the last year and a half, the latter is probably not nearly as effective as the former, and today many Russian Jews fear that the antics of Rabbi Meir Kahane and those of his ilk will only jeopardize the gains that have been made. That is not to depreciate those first demonstrations and protests which did so much to awaken Jewry and to embarrass the USSR; but protest that resorts to violence can only embarrass Jewry and harden the Soviet heart. At this stage it cannot possibly add to the freeing of the Soviet Jews. The Soviet liberalization, among other things, is obviously a signal to Israel that further normalization of relations between the two states may proceed, along with Israeli political concessions.

The Jews who arrive from the Soviet Union constitute the full range of Jewry within that state. They come from all over the USSR, with particularly strong immigration from Riga, in Latvia, which the Soviet Union absorbed only after World War II, and from Georgia, where the Jews have remained religious and, incidentally, quite prosperous. But all areas are represented, and the Jews include architects, doctors, engineers and others who have attained positions of standing within the Soviet Union. Upon arriving in Israel many tend to be not only pro-Jewish but strongly anti-Soviet; for example, many join the right-wing Herut Party, or, secondarily, the governing Labor Party. Very few are attracted to the left-wing Mapam.

Of course, the Soviet Jews have complaints once they arrive in Israel. First of all, there is the emotional letdown of coming to Israel, a land of freedom, after a dramatic fight against the Russian authorities. This fight has been central to their lives; and they have felt sustained in their loneliness by the very optimistic feeling that world Jewry was struggling by their side. In Israel, they realize suddenly that the Israelis have many other problems to worry about —Arabs, occasional terrorist incidents, general economic problems; most of all, a daily work schedule that often keeps Israelis busy some twelve to sixteen hours a day. No one has time for the Russian Jews; no one really has time to go out of his way to welcome newcomers. There is the shock of being in a country without walls. Suddenly, you don't know what to do with yourself.

That is the main "culture shock," but there are others. Jews have always been a rather anarchistic people, but Russian Jews have known regimentation and bureaucracy for half a century. Russian students come into a classroom and find young people arguing with their teachers. Israeli students may call a teacher by his first name; in Russia that would be cause for expulsion. The Russian Jews assume that life is organized by the authorities; when you lack something, you go to a bureaucrat and protest. In Israel, you must scramble for yourself.

This difference is particularly hard to handle in the area of employment. In the Soviet Union employment was guaranteed; no one worked particularly hard, nevertheless one had job security. In Israel, you have to hustle to make a living, using your wits, even when you have a permanent job. So again, the Russian Jew is left to his own devices. He is a free man and has all the problems that go with freedom. In fact, job satisfaction is one of the greatest problems with Russian Jewry in Israel. A recent survey showed that only slightly more than half of them feel happy in their jobs after two months, as opposed to some three-quarters of other newcomers, including Americans.

There are also serious problems of settlement, especially with the Georgian Jews. Georgians are, first of all, quite religious; most Israelis are not. Second, they are exceedingly clannish and family oriented, with families that include uncles, cousins, second cousins, even third, fourth and fifth cousins. In Georgia they were together; until recently, however, the Jewish Agency in Israel tended to define a "family unit" as consisting of mother, father and

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children, with perhaps grandmother and grandfather. They would send each such family into a different part of the country, mainly to the development towns, to "integrate."

These development towns aren't considered paradise by everyone who lives in them. Often isolated and without adequate secondary services, they are a governmental device to force a dispersion of population and general development throughout the country. Rich people—especially Americans—can choose where they want to live; the comparatively poor, like the Russians, must be given flats, and are used as essential instruments in the Israeli plans to spread Jewish population through the Negev and other isolated areas. (Not everybody, after all, can live in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or Haifa, or even in the wealthy kibbutzim in the north.) So the flats available for many Russian Jews just happen to be in Yeroucham, an impoverished Negev development town of about 3,500 persons near Sede Boker, populated mainly by Moroccans and Romanians; or in Arad, a really quite spectacular and beautiful development city in the hills above the Dead Sea; or in Dimona, a thriving city near Arad with a growing population and industry, now rivaling Beersheba as "capital of the Negev"; or in similar places.

But nothing could be more different from Russia. These immigrants are in fact stuck in the desert and many among them, especially the Georgians, have been complaining. When backed by the religious parties, who claimed that religious Georgian Jews were being discriminated against because of their beliefs, the protest forced the Ministry of Absorption to change its policy and, at the least, treat Georgian Jews as large family units.

It isn't just the religious who are being sent to development towns—anyone whom the authorities think they can send, they will send. Thus, Russian Jews who come from sophisticated cities with an active cultural life suddenly find themselves cast as pioneers in the development of Israel—sent to places where few, if any, veteran Israelis go except for voluntary social service. This happens particularly to the so-called "nonacademics," people who work with their hands or in relatively simple trades.

The "academics" are treated differently. A surprisingly high number of Soviet Jews—some 25 to 30 per cent—do have academic backgrounds—meaning they hold a B.A., B.S. or higher degree. I expressed my surprise to a Russian-born friend of mine, who replied: "The universities in Russia may have quotas, but you know the Jews. They'll find a way."

Moreover, the educational level of these Jews is comparable in scientific and technical areas to that of Americans or Israelis. The level in languages, literature, history and economics is possibly slightly lower than the Israeli standard, but nevertheless it is at least equivalent to that of many good universities throughout the world. Jews who hold sensitive posts in the Soviet Union still find it difficult to get out. This applies to Jews in the Russian Army and in certain kinds of scientific work. But the Jews who are arriving include doctors, teachers, university professors, certain kinds of scientists, film makers, television producers, architects, dentists, et al.

The academics are usually sent to a language school where they study Hebrew, and to absorption centers where they live for six months at the expense of the state and learn both the language and the country. The Ministry of Absorption may also subsidize the first year of employment for a new immigrant, paying the employer while the newcomer adjusts to the work.

I have heard different estimates as to how much it now costs to absorb an immigrant family. The lowest figure is $20,000 per family; the highest, around $35,000. Since in the last two years more than 20,000 Russian immigrants have arrived, and since with the relaxation of Soviet regulations some 35,000 are expected this year, it may be estimated that the cost of absorption to Israel is at least $150 million a year. That is no trivial sum for a small country, and the Israeli authorities are turning to the United Jewish Appeal and other overseas Jewish organizations in a pressing search for additional funds to finance the absorption of the Russian newcomers. However, if the Russian Jews continue to come in large numbers, the economic benefits of their immigration should in two or three years far outweigh the initial costs of immigration.

About six months ago I went to Lod Airport to cover the arrival of a group of some fifty Soviet immigrants. As they descended from the El Al Boeing 707, one or two women began to cry. In the reception area another woman broke down. A group from one of the Israeli youth movements greeted them, and they burst into applause.

Their faces were those of tired but ordinary people, caught in a great moral fervor. They were served tea and cakes in the reception room as they waited to be processed. In a few minutes they would become Israelis. Outside the terminal a crowd of relatives awaited them: many of whom they had never seen, others whom they saw only months before in Riga, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Georgia. They came through customs. They embraced. More tears, more kisses.

Just recently, a half year later, I came to Lod when by chance a group of Russian immigrants had just arrived. The tears and joy were the same, but now the relatives shouted to them, "Dimona, no. Don't take the flat in Dimona. . . ."

"Take Tel Aviv. . . ."

"Tell them you have to have a flat near us . . . in Netanya."

Thus, the passage of a half year in Israel. Their first minutes in their new country and they are demanding apartments where *they* want to live, not where the Ministry of Absorption wants to put them. So much for the lessons of freedom.

There have been many changes, many improvements, in the three years I have been in Israel. Israeli society keeps changing, testing itself, advancing. The additional immigration from the Soviet Union—and from the United States—is bound to bring about more changes and improvements, if not immediately, then in the next two to five years.

I asked my friend, the broadcaster, what he thought now that the Russian Jews were actually arriving in large numbers in Israel.

"I've gone and spoken to many of them," he told me. "When I tell them who I am, and that it was my voice they heard all these years, do you know, they come up to me and they kiss me. They embrace me. I've really meant something to them all these years. I guess it's just terrific to see them here. Maybe we helped do something."

Maybe he did. □

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CAMPAIGN EXPENDITURES

A LITTLE LAW FOR A BIG JOB

RICHARD MAX McCARTHY

Mr. McCarthy was a U.S. Congressman from upstate New York from 1964 to 1970 when he ran unsuccessfully for the Senate. He has been a Chubb Fellow at Yale, and is now a Fellow of the Institute of Politics at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard. Mr. McCarthy is the author of The Ultimate Folly *(Alfred A. Knopf)* and Elections for Sale *(published by Houghton Mifflin last month).*

President Nixon recently signed into law the 1971 Federal Election Campaign Act which its sponsors claim will prevent politicians from flouting the law with no fear of punishment, curb skyrocketing campaign costs, and restore honesty to the federal electoral process.

Is the new Act, which becomes effective April 7, merely a sham or is it the real thing? Consider the new measure and contrast it with what should be included in a genuine reform measure that would bring integrity back to government!

THE NEW ACT	A GENUINE REFORM
SOURCE OF FUNDS	
Continues to allow millions of dollars to flow into campaign chests from wealthy individuals and special interest groups, who expect and usually receive favors in return.	Would provide for the public financing of campaigns for all federal offices and thus rid politics of the corrupting influence of private-interest money.
CEILINGS ON INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS	
Actually the new Act takes a step backward. It repeals the old $5,000 limit on gifts.	Unless public financing is provided, a low ceiling should be set. Florida has a $3,000 limit.
CEILINGS ON OVERALL CAMPAIGN COSTS	
Sets no limit. It has been reliably estimated that President Nixon will spend upwards of $35 million in his 1972 campaign.	Realistic ceilings can and should be established. Florida has a largely enforceable $350,000 limit for a statewide race.
LIMITS ON TV AND OTHER MEDIA	
Media spending is limited to 10¢ per person of voting age in the election area—no more than 6¢ of which may be spent on radio and television. Significantly, the rising production costs for slick spot announcements are not included.	Paid political television should be prohibited, as it is in most democracies. Public service time should be offered by networks and stations for live, unrehearsed debates of at least five minutes in length.
COMPUTERIZED LETTERS; TELEPHONE CALLS FROM HOMES; PAID CANVASSERS.	
No limit.	This may be the biggest loophole of all in the Act. Experts say that mass mailings of computerized letters (they seem to have been written personally by the candidate and are directed to the interests of the individual recipient), tied in with telephone campaigns and paid workers, is the coming big expense item for candidates. Governors Nelson Rockefeller and Dale Bumpers used these devices in their 1970 campaigns. Rockefeller spent $2 per vote cast, almost ten times as much as President Eisenhower spent in 1956. Mayor White of Boston spent an estimated $7.50 per vote in his winning 1971 campaign, which was built around paid workers, phone calls and computerized letters.
REPORTING REQUIREMENTS	
The new Act is fairly strong here, but does allow reports to be filed *after* the election. The identities of donors of	A true reform would require that the identities of all contributors of $50 and more, and all campaign ex-

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$100 and less need not be disclosed.

penditures, be reported *before* the election.

Enforcement

This is another area in which the new measure falls flat. Employees of Congressmen and Senators will be responsible for making sure that their bosses file their reports on time, disclose all that the law requires, and, if there are violations, investigate them and recommend prosecution to the Attorney General.

A strong bipartisan Federal Elections Commission should be appointed to handle receipt and publication of reports and be given injunctive powers so that it could file suits against violators. Penalties should include loss of office if a winner is implicated.

Advantages of Incumbency

The new measure does nothing to restrict the unlimited free mailing privileges of elected federal officials, to curb effectively the use of large staffs for campaign purposes or to restrict use of the sophisticated, government-operated radio and television facilities.

A genuine reform would permit two or more free mailings for challengers, access to Capitol Hill TV and radio facilities and effective curbs on the use of paid Congressional staffs for campaign purposes.

Limits on What Candidates Can Spend for Their Own Campaigns.

Ceilings are imposed, depending on the federal office sought.

A solid reform would make it impossible for a clever politician to have relatives or friends funnel their own money into the campaign.

Proliferation of Committees

Does nothing to limit the multiplicity of campaign committees.

Only one campaign committee should be allowed and the doctrine of "agency"—widely used in other nations—should be adopted. This concept makes one treasurer legally responsible for receiving all gifts and disbursing all funds. He, as well as the candidate, can be held accountable for violations.

CIA: THE PRESIDENT'S LOYAL TOOL

VICTOR MARCHETTI

Mr. Marchetti was on the director's staff of the CIA when he resigned from the agency two years ago. Since then, his novel The Rope-Dancer *has been published by Grosset & Dunlap; he is now working on a book-length critical analysis of the CIA.*

The Central Intelligence Agency's role in U.S. foreign affairs is, like the organization itself, clouded by secrecy and confused by misconceptions, many of them deliberately promoted by the CIA with the cooperation of the news media. Thus to understand the covert mission of this agency and to estimate its value to the political leadership, one must brush myths aside and penetrate to the sources and circumstances from which the agency draws its authority and support. The CIA is no accidental, romantic aberration; it is exactly what those who govern the country intend it to be—the clandestine mechanism whereby the executive branch influences the internal affairs of other nations.

In conducting such operations, particularly those that are inherently risky, the CIA acts at the direction and with the approval of the President or his Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. Before initiating action in the field, the agency almost invariably establishes that its operational plans accord with the aims of the administration and, when possible, the sympathies of Congressional leaders. (Sometimes the endorsement or assistance of influential individuals and institutions outside government is also sought.) CIA directors have been remarkably well aware of the dangers they court, both personally and for the agency, by not gaining specific official sanction for their covert operations. They are, accordingly, often more careful than are administrators in other areas of the bureaucracy to inform the White House of their activities and to seek Presidential blessing. To take the blame publicly for an occasional operational blunder is a small price to pay in return for the protection of the Chief Executive and the men who control the Congress.

The U-2 incident of 1960 was viewed by many as an outrageous blunder by the CIA, wrecking the Eisenhower-Khrushchev summit conference in Paris and setting U.S.-Soviet relations back several years. Within the inner circles of the administration, however, the shoot-down was shrugged off as just one of those things that happen in the chancy business of intelligence. After attempts to deny responsibility for the action had failed, the President openly defended and even praised the work of the CIA, although for obvious political reasons he avoided noting that he had authorized the disastrous flight. The U-2 program against the USSR was canceled, but work on its follow-on system, the A-11 (now the SR-71,) was speeded up. Only the

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launching of the reconnaissance satellites put an end to espionage against the Soviet Union by manned aircraft. The A-11 development program was completed, nevertheless, on the premise that it, as well as the U-2, might be useful elsewhere.

After the Bay of Pigs debacle a year later, the CIA did feel the sting of Presidential disfavor for the first time, but the agency had its wrist slapped by President Kennedy because it failed in Cuba, not because it was scheming to overthrow Castro. Other than a few personnel changes at the top of the agency, and the creation of a special secret committee, which tied the CIA still closer to the administration, the agency made no changes in policies or practices. Throughout the Kennedy years, the CIA ran clandestine operations against Cuba with Presidential approval. At the same time, and at the request of the White House, the agency deeply involved itself in attempts to prop up tottering regimes in Laos and South Vietnam.

When the National Student Association scandal rocked the CIA in 1967, setting off a series of disclosures that exposed the agency's hold on a large number of youth, labor and cultural organizations, as well as many of its funding conduits, neither the executive nor the Congress tried to restrict the agency's activities. (A year earlier, Senator Fulbright's attempt to increase Congressional control over the CIA had been soundly defeated.) The CIA was simply told by President Johnson to clean up the mess and get on with its business. The ad hoc committee he had formed to look into the scandal consisted of the Under Secretary of State, the Secretary of HEW, and the director of the CIA. Some covert projects were canceled, either because they had been exposed or because they were no longer thought worth the risk of exposure, but most were continued under improved cover. A few of the larger operations went on under almost open CIA sponsorship, Radio Free Europe, Radio Liberty and Air America being examples. And all the while, the CIA was conducting a $500 million-a-year private war in Laos and pacification/assassination programs in Vietnam.

The reorganization of the U.S. intelligence community late last year in no way altered the CIA's mission as the clandestine action arm of American foreign policy. Most of the few changes are intended to improve the financial management of the community, especially in the military intelligence services where growth and the technical costs of collecting information are almost out of control. Other alterations are designed to improve the meshing of the community's product with national security planning and to provide the White House with greater control over operations policy. However, none of that implies a reduction of the CIA's role in covert foreign policy action. In fact, the extensive review conducted by the White House staff in preparation for the reorganization drew heavily on advice provided by the CIA and that given by former agency officials through such go-betweens as the influential Council on Foreign Relations. Earlier in the Nixon Administration, the Council had responded to a similar request by recommending that in the future the CIA should concentrate its covert pressure tactics on Latin American, African and Asian targets, using more foreign nationals as agents and relying more on private U.S. corporations and other institutions as covers. Nothing was said about reducing the CIA's secret activities abroad; the concern, rather, was to find ways to improve and strengthen them. And last month, William Colby, former CIA station chief in Vietnam, later designer of the agency's Laotian war, and afterwards Ambassador to Vietnam in charge of pacification, was advanced to the agency's number three post of executive director. None of these adjustments suggests that the CIA plans to reduce its covert action program.

The notion that the CIA is primarily an espionage organization, preoccupied largely with technical and analytical matters, is a delusion fostered by the agency's leadership to deflect attention from the more questionable clandestine activities. CIA Director Richard Helms, in his only public speech a year ago before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, emphasized that the production and dissemination of intelligence were the basic roles of the agency, and asked his audience "to take it on faith that we, too, are honorable men." He said that intelligence collection was in 1971 "the best ever," but could not elaborate because "the enemy" might as a result identify our agents. He did, however, feel that he could mention the Penkovsky case, recalling how the Soviet colonel and other "well placed and courageous Russians" aided the CIA in unmasking Khrushchev's gamble to install strategic missiles in Cuba in 1962. Helms also noted that the National Security Act of 1947 was clear and precise regarding the CIA's legal functions, particularly in the matter of domestic security, and that four committees of Congress kept tabs on his agency. The director did not, of course, refer to the agency's paramilitary or other covert action programs.

The picture he gave newspaper editors was in keeping with the image of the CIA that Helms has assiduously cultivated ever since he was promoted from head of the agency's clandestine services to the directorship. He has said much the same thing in his many confidential sessions with the press at lunches in the private dining room of the old Occidental Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue, and at working breakfasts and dinners in the executive dining room of CIA headquarters at Langley, Va., where the agency's intelligence analysts—the academic and emotional opposites of the clandestine operatives—are always presented front and center, putting the agency's best and cleanest foot forward. The campaign to tame the press has been successful, if one may judge from the gentle and respectful way in which the CIA is treated by the media, especially by *The New York Times* and *Newsweek,* both of which last year printed extensive and not very penetrating articles on the CIA. Unfortunately, the image does not fit the facts. Director Helms is not presiding over the transformation of the CIA from a clandestine operational agency into merely another federal bureaucracy.

The collection of foreign intelligence by the U.S. intelligence community is at its peak today, but CIA agents have little to do with it. Almost all of the good information picked up about Russia and China comes from technical operations, most of which are controlled by the Pentagon. The CIA's espionage program against China has been a complete failure. Against the Soviet Union, the agency has fared slightly better, but only slightly, because of occasional defectors, almost all of whom have been useful to counterespionage, but not to espionage itself.

As for Oleg Penkovsky and his secret contributions dur-

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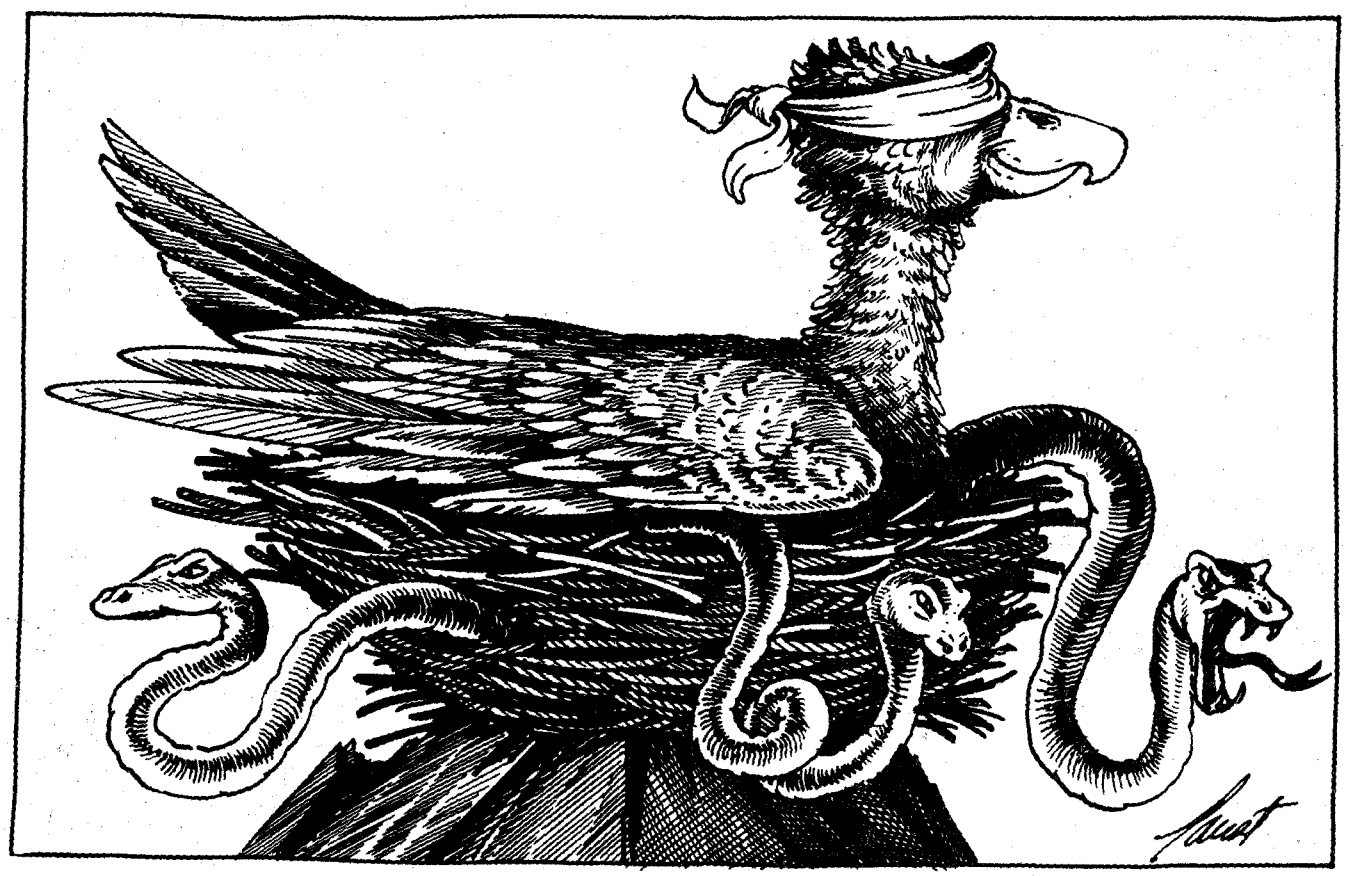

ing the Cuban missile crisis, this is pure hokum. Penkovsky was not a CIA agent; he spied for the British. When in the late 1950s the Soviet colonel offered his services to the United States in Ankara, the CIA turned him away, fearing that he was a provocateur for the KGB. British intelligence, however, made a note of the overture and recruited Penkovsky in Moscow a couple of years later. The CIA had to buy its share of Penkovsky with prints from the then new photographic satellites. The Soviet military buildup in Cuba was discovered by the CIA's own analysts, with no help from Penkovsky or any other Soviet agent; and the final unmasking of the scheme was also accomplished without "well placed and courageous Russians." There were none to help.

According to the National Security Act of 1947, the primary mission of the CIA is to coordinate and disseminate intelligence for the benefit of the whole government. That was what Harry Truman believed, but it never came to pass. To begin with, the temptation (and the wherewithal) to meddle in affairs of other nations was too strong to resist in the cold-war years. The CIA, controlled by such operationally oriented types as Allen Dulles, immediately involved itself in the impossible dream of an American imperium, and neither the agency nor the government has ever recovered from this obsession. The record (Iran, Guatemala, Cuba, Laos, Vietnam) is proof of that statement, but so more specifically is the CIA's secret charter, that body of highly classified Presidential directives which has assigned the agency to tasks of covert political action the world over.

Well aware of the true value of his agency to whatever administration occupies the White House, Director Helms spends little time wrestling with the intricacies of intelligence analysis. The weekly meetings of the U.S. Intelligence Board, the top deliberative body of the intelligence community for reviewing reports and forming national estimates, are frequently conducted by the master spy in less than twenty minutes. The subtleties and pressures of deciding the precise status of Soviet strategic strike capabilities, or the possible level of Vietcong resistance to a proposed U.S. action, are outside his concern. Helms and the CIA earn their keep not by collecting and analyzing secret information for the benefit of policy makers and planners but rather by carrying out paramilitary, political, propagandistic and other covert operations to advance U.S. foreign policy.

Congressional control of the activities of the CIA is quickly described: there is none! The four relevant committees of Congress did not meet once last year to review the agency's activities. Rump sessions of the House and Senate did glance last November at the CIA's budget request, but when the question of oversight was raised by Senators Symington and Fulbright (both members of the joint committee on the CIA) Senator Ellender, who approved the budget, said that he had "not inquired" about the CIA's activities in Laos, and Senator Stennis, in support of his colleague, advised that you have to "shut your eyes some and take what is coming" when you have an intelligence agency like the CIA. Thus spake the watchdogs.

A glance at the organization and budget of the CIA readily discloses its primary mission. Of its almost 18,000 career personnel (not including contract agents and employees of agency-owned companies), two-thirds are engaged in or supporting clandestine (largely nonespionage) operations. Of the annual budget of almost $700 million

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(which does not include the full costs of the agency's operations in Laos and Vietnam, or certain technical collection programs which are paid for by the Pentagon), again about two-thirds is devoted to clandestine activities, mostly covert action operations. The production of intelligence, the CIA's overt primary mission, absorbs about 10 per cent of its funds and people. The remaining 25 per cent of the money and personnel are absorbed by technical operations, general support and overhead.

Only when one understands that, despite claims to the contrary, the CIA is basically concerned with interfering in the affairs of foreign countries, and that the agency carries out this mission with the approval and at the request of the country's political leaders, can one begin to deal with the issue. It is not a matter of reforming the CIA. The need is to reform those who govern us, to convince them that they must act more openly and honestly, both with the people whom they represent and with the other nations of the world. As its name states, the CIA is only an agency; but secrecy, like power, tends to corrupt, and it will not be easy to persuade those who rule in the United States to change their ways. □

PRISON PSYCHIATRY

THE CLOCKWORK CURE

BERNARD WEINER
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San Francisco

The doctor straps the straitjacketed patient into a chair, injects the drug Prolixin, and tightens the eyelid clamps so that the patient cannot avoid watching the screen. The film begins. Each time an act of sex or violence is observed, the patient becomes progressively more nauseated. After enough of these treatments, he is "cured" of his aggressive impulses.

Aversion therapy, such as that paraphrased above from Stanley Kubrick's supposedly futurist film, *A Clockwork Orange,* is employed frequently in prisons and hospitals around the world. Armed with a battery of new behavioral drugs and techniques, doctors can go even further in "adjusting" antisocial personalities to behavioral norms. The new technology is upon us well in advance of 1984; the ethical problems associated with it are only beginning to demand attention.

A new prison facility in California provides a good example of the technological-moral conflict. It is called the Medical-Psychiatric Diagnostic Unit (MPDU) and is part of the Department of Correction's Medical Facility at Vacaville. It has eighty-four beds, and is designed to handle eventually all 600 to 700 inmates from the various prison Adjustment Centers (maximum-security wings) around the state. According to the Department of Corrections, the new facility will be used to diagnose and treat inmates with problems and then, it is hoped, return them as better individuals to the prison mainline, perhaps ultimately to the outside world. That sounds benevolent, but inmates and their supporters view the MPDU as a laboratory of behavioral "torture," which in practice will be performed primarily upon militant black and Chicano organizers in the prison population.

There is room for either interpretation, depending upon one's assumptions. If you believe that the primary function of penal administration is to operate a smooth-running system, then anything done to quiet the present hair-trigger prison situation is good. In addition, you may think it obviously humane to help violence-prone inmates adjust to a system that may eventually parole them and accept them on the outside. However, many inmates believe that the prison system—perhaps by design, certainly in practice—denies them the essential prerogatives of consideration as human beings, and they are accordingly alarmed by any medical-psychiatric facility aimed at curing them of "problems" the prison doctors think they detect in failures to adjust to a basically inhumane system.

Which interpretation is nearer the truth? What follows is a history of the MPDU controversy at Vacaville (Cowtown).

On November 19, 1971, the California Department of Corrections (DOC) invited a group of psychologists, psychiatrists, researchers and prison officials to meet at the University of California (Davis) to discuss prison violence and a possible new psychiatric unit at Vacaville. At the meeting, DOC officials were entirely vague as to what kind of treatment they envisioned at the proposed new facility. Pointed questions about electroshock therapy, aversion techniques and the like were evaded; several DOC officials even hastily disappeared when the questioning became too direct. What the invited participants didn't know was that, a week before standing host to the meeting at Davis, the DOC had submitted a detailed proposal for the Vacaville facility. "Looking back on it now," said one of the participants, "it is clear that we professionals were brought in to, as it were, 'legitimize' a decision that had already been made."

One of those present was Dr. Edward Opton, senior research psychologist at the Wright Institute, Berkeley. He pressed prison officials to deal with the ethical questions associated with a new psychiatric facility for prisoners—issues such as the voluntary nature of treatment, the use of aversion therapy drugs, electroshock, and so on—but was told by the DOC's research director, Dr. Lawrence Bennett, that "those who wish to discuss so-called moral and ethical questions should leave."

Shortly after Davis, the press picked up a story that the DOC contemplated brain surgery for certain "violence-

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prone" inmates. When this news made the headlines, the DOC maintained that it was speaking only of possible electrocauterization (by inserting needles into the brain) for a small number of inmates who might have temporal lobe epilepsy, a rare and difficult-to-diagnose disease which often results in violent behavior. That might have been accepted as a reasonable explanation, if inmate support groups had not obtained a copy of a letter, dated September 8, 1971, from Raymond K. Procunier, head of the DOC, to the California Council on Criminal Justice, which would arrange the financing of the project. Procunier's letter made no reference to temporal lobe epilepsy; it spoke only of surgery for "aggressive, destructive" inmates—to prison guards and wardens that could mean any prisoner who refused to knuckle under to the system.

The proposal offered by the DOC on November 11, a week before the gathering at Davis, refers to "serious management problem inmates" as one of its main reasons for setting up the MPDU at Vacaville:

> The control and management of these segregated inmates have become a serious problem, as shown by the recent episodes of violence and disturbance in different prisons where Adjustment Centers have been established. It appears that the present method of handling these cases through the existing Adjustment Centers has been inadequate and the problem remains unsolved. New ways and perceptions are now urgently needed to provide a better approach for handling of these cases.

The statewide uproar over the proposal to cauterize parts of the brains of "management problem" inmates was strong enough to make the DOC back off. The brain surgery plan was shelved, but DOC officials refused to dismiss it completely, the implication being that it might be reactivated at a more appropriate time.

Enough information was getting out—through Dr. Opton and stories in the underground and then the regular media—to stimulate the formation of inmate defense groups. The Bay Area chapter of the Medical Committee for Human Rights became interested, along with ex-prisoner groups, a prison law project, and an ad hoc organization, the Committee on Psychiatric Experimentation on Prisoners. This last group, made up of professionals, convened a meeting in Berkeley in December, to which it invited key DOC officials. In the main, the members wanted to know how the consent of the prisoners was obtained, and the type of psychotherapy to be performed at Vacaville.

They felt they had reason to be suspicious, especially given the DOC's previous use of the drug Anectine. Prolixin makes one nauseated; Anectine (succinylcholine chloride) paralyzes one's voluntary muscles for one-and-a-half to two minutes. According to those who have been injected, the patient is overwhelmed by a feeling of suffocation, of drowning, of sinking into death. While in this fearful state, the inmate is told that when next he has an impulse to smash or attack, he will stop and think and remember the sensation he is experiencing under Anectine.

Anectine was used by the DOC on about thirty prison inmates in the late 1960s. When a psychiatrist asked about consent, the DOC medical director, Dr. John Gorman, wrote that "every one of these patients had signed an informed consent." However, a report made for the DOC by two researchers, Drs. Arthur Mattocks and Charles Jew, states that "the patient was requested to sign a statement of consent. On five patients, consent was not received from the patient himself, but was granted by the institution's Special Treatment Board. Thus, these five patients were included in the treatment program against their will." (These prisoners have since sued the state.) The Anectine is still being stored on the shelf, and the inmates know it. Remembering the statement of the Vacaville superintendent (he is in fact a solicitous warden), Dr. L. J. Pope, they might have some doubts about the motives of their therapists. Said Pope: "If they don't want to take the drug, they don't have to. If they want to stay cuckoo and stay locked up all their lives, that's all right with us."

The DOC tends to see violence and mental disturbance either as organic malfunction or as the result of some outside conspiracy. Like prison administration everywhere, it will rarely acknowledge that the prison system itself produces the violence.

If it is organic or fomented from outside, then the obvious remedies are to devise physical and psychological "therapy," or to come down hard on the prisoners and their supporters. Electroshock therapy was administered at Vacaville nearly 500 times in 1971; Prolixin was injected 1,093 times in 1970. Reports out of the California State Hospital for the Criminally Insane at Atascadero repeatedly mention that genital electroshock was used on sexual offenders as aversion therapy. (Reportedly, the in-

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mates are shown movies of explicit sexual content. If they begin to display evidence of sexual arousal, their genitals are shocked. This program is entitled "Errorless Extinction of Penile Responses.") And there is Procunier's letter, seeking funds to cauterize the brains of "aggressive" inmates. "You don't have to wait until they turn on the gas when you see them building showers with gas nozzles on them," Dr. Opton told me as he summed up the DOC's past record and contemplated what might go on at the new MPDU facility at Vacaville.

After several delays, the MPDU opened its doors (to the prisoners, not the press) in mid-February. All attempts to speak with responsible officials were rebuffed and reporters were shunted off to the Vacaville public relations officer who would say nothing but promised a press release. That statement, accompanied by snapshots of parts of the MPDU facility, says that "medication will be administered only to those inmates who are obviously hallucinating or functioning within a well-established delusional system. Only those drugs which are routinely used for such cases in other institutions within the Department of Corrections and the Department of Mental Health will be employed in the treatment of such symptoms. *No* new or experimental drugs will be evaluated or introduced. . . ."

That statement is more interesting than it looks at first glance. The original MPDU proposal, a copy of which I possess, requests funds in the amount of $9,360 for tranquilizers, stating, "it is estimated that an average of sixty of the eighty-four beds will be filled with an individual requiring medication. The estimated cost per patient per week is $3." In other words, at any given moment, about three-fourths of the inmates are expected to be doped on tranquilizers. As Dr. Philip Shapiro, a psychiatrist who was present at the original Davis meeting, observes, that is hardly a situation lending itself to adequate psychiatric diagnosis.

The DOC press release is also somewhat ambiguous on aversion therapy drugs and techniques. It is possible that it refers solely to tranquilizers, but Prolixin and Anectine have been used at both Vacaville and Atascadero, and thus the DOC statement that "no new or experimental drugs will be . . . introduced" would be technically true.

The press release goes on to state categorically that "there will be *no* surgical procedures employed other than those ordinarily needed in the treatment of natural diseases or injury. No electric shock treatments and no aversive therapy—in short, no physical or psychiatric-psychological experimentation—is planned. . . ." However, critics of the facility are quick to point out that until all the negative publicity broke, the DOC definitely was planning to go ahead with brain cauterization and that the DOC has never stated categorically that it has abandoned the idea. (DOC planning director Walter Barkdull said the brain surgery project is a "second-phase thing," to be reconsidered if an overall study indicates that it would be desirable.)

If no experimental therapy is to be performed by MPDU at Vacaville, what *will* the doctors be doing to the prisoners there, and why all the outlay of money? According to one of the research psychiatrists most heavily involved, Dr. George Bach-y-Rita, the MPDU program will involve little more than intensive diagnosis through electroencephalogram and traditional doctor-patient and group therapy discussions; also perhaps some training in Alpha-wave meditation. The way he describes it, MPDU sounds like an Esalen behind the bars. The Vacaville facility, he says, is merely a convenience; it is near San Francisco and doctors can get there easily, whereas they might not be so eager to make long trips away from their practices to each of the state prisons to work with Adjustment Center inmates.

That seems a frank explanation, but there is some reason to doubt that even Dr. Bach-y-Rita believes it. I have seen a copy of a strong 5-page letter he has sent to his DOC superiors, raising many of the ethical objections voiced by outside critics. He says, in notably blunt language, that he will work at Vacaville only in the traditional forms of psychotherapy and will have nothing to do with any of the more extreme treatments used by the DOC in the past or contemplated for the future. (These would include not only electroshock and Prolixin and Anectine but sex hormone injections, brain cauterization, sound-wave control techniques, and lithium carbonate. Of the latter, "We don't really know exactly what it does," says Dr. Joseph Tupin, who has administered it for years to manic-depressive prisoners at Vacaville. Despite that ignorance, and despite the press release that promises no experimental drugs, the MPDU funding proposal reads: "There has been, for an example, a study in the California Medical Facility to determine the usefulness of lithium carbonate in treating hyperaggressive, acting-out patients. Further follow-up in this area would make a significant contribution.")

"Look," Dr. Opton told the members of the Committee on Psychiatric Experimentation on Prisoners, "either the Department of Corrections has built this expensive, fancy super-Adjustment Center isolation hole as a research and treatment facility and has no idea what it's going to do (Can we believe that? Are they really that dumb?), or they do know what they're going to do. . . and they're not telling us. . . . This worries me a great deal. It reminds me very much of Soviet psychiatric medicine as applied to political prisoners."

Dr. Bach-y-Rita—a young, Harvard-trained psychiatrist who is a member of the American Psychiatric Association's Task Force on Violence—discussed with me another sore point for scrupulous doctors working within the prison system. That is the nonconfidentiality of their medical records. A psychiatrist at Soledad State Prison last year, Dr. Frank Rundle, refused to turn over to the DOC his confidential medical records of therapy discussions he had held with a prisoner under suspicion for murder within the prison. Acting under an advisory opinion from the State Attorney General that all prison records are the property of the State of California, the authorities seized Dr. Rundle's medical records while he was surrounded by armed guards. How, I asked Dr. Bach-y-Rita, will such tactics help to develop trust between already hyper-suspicious prisoners and their psychiatrist counselors? It won't, he said. How, then, will the therapy be conducted and how will the records be kept confidential?

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"I intend to take very few notes," he said with a bitter grin.

The MPDU at Vacaville raises still another question. According to its public position, the aim of the MPDU is, if possible, to "cure" the inmate and return him to the prison mainline; if he doesn't respond to the therapy, he will be returned to the Adjustment Center whence he came. However, the MPDU funding document contains a third, more ominous possibility, which has not been publicly revealed: "Those inmates who are found to be mentally ill may have to be reclassified for appropriate treatment." Nothing is said as to who will judge the inmate's mental state, on what basis, or what the "appropriate treatment" might be. Indeed, so many questions are raised by the secrecy surrounding the MPDU that the Berkeley City Council recently instructed the city attorney to investigate the possibility of initiating some legal proceedings to halt the program until clear answers can be obtained.

According to the DOC press release, "admission to this program will be voluntary on the part of the inmate, and he will be carefully evaluated for acceptance. . . ." But even in the MPDU's opening weeks of operation, prisoners complained of being under pressure to sign the consent forms for transfer to Vacaville. Several have filed class-action suits to prevent all inmate transfers to the MPDU. One San Quentin prisoner says he was told by a guard, "You'll stay in here until you die if you don't sign that consent form." Another inmate said that he signed the form while drugged on the tranquilizer Thorazine, and that it was never made clear to him what it was he was "volunteering" to do.

Prisoners have traditionally been used as "volunteers" (read: guinea pigs) for a variety of medical experiments —testing vaccines, drugs, therapy techniques, etc.— usually to earn some extra money or to increase their chances for an early parole or a reduction in their indeterminate sentence. However, even a former San Quentin associate warden, Douglas Rigg, doubts the voluntary nature of any of these programs. "There is a real question in my mind," he told me, "whether any prisoner can be considered, in the true sense of the word, a volunteer for any program. The possibilities for direct or subtle coercion are all too obvious."

Yet, the DOC is seeking voluntary consent forms from the most embittered and suspicious inmates held in California's prisons. The "Adjustment Centers" were originally conceived in grand behavioral terms, to be staffed with "a large, highly skilled team of rehabilitation experts," where unadjusted men "would be allowed to take full advantage of the educational, vocational, medical and psychiatric resources of the prison system." The reality is different. The ACs today are, to a large extent, simple segregation lockups where many of the most militant prison organizers are kept apart from the mainline. Far from being rehabilitated, a *Sacramento Bee* report states, prisoners are forced to live in the ACs "under conditions which prison psychiatrists say have driven normal men mad."

On March 10, ten Folsom Prison inmates filed suit in federal court to seek a restraining order which would prevent California prison officials from arbitrarily locking up prisoners in the Adjustment Centers. The suit asserted that many of the inmates so segregated are blacks and Chicanos, placed in the ACs because of their political views. Two of the inmates, L. Wayne Benner and Phillip Eder, charged that they were put in the AC as "agitators" because of letters they had written to California legislators urging them to act on prison reform. ("Attica is coming to this prison," they warned in their letters.) A DOC spokesman, commenting on the suit, said racially militant inmates are not confined to the ACs "as long as they're not trying to propagandize" other inmates. In other words, if you're quiet and submissive to the prison system, you're in no trouble; the minute you begin to sound off, or even to discuss your constitutional rights with other inmates, you can be classified as an "agitator" and popped into the AC segregation cell, thereby risking the denial of favorable parole consideration.

That is what bothers the various inmate support groups. According to Dr. Shapiro, a leader in the Bay Area chapter of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, the MPDU seems to be aimed precisely at black and Chicano militants within the ACs, and at those in general who refuse to accept the dehumanizing prison system. One San Quentin guard, for example, recently told an inmate scheduled for transfer to Vacaville that when he came back from the MPDU, "you won't be a militant anymore."

No doubt, there are prisoners in the AC holding-tanks who are mentally ill, and who could be helped by intensive diagnosis and therapy at the MPDU in Vacaville. But how are the really insane to be separated from those whom the prison authorities regard as "mentally disturbed" because they refuse to abandon their dignity to the repressive nature of the prison system? Dr. Bach-y-Rita candidly admits that "of course, there will be mistakes, there will be misdiagnoses and misuse of tranquilizers" at the MPDU facility, but feels they will be few and can be corrected. Prisoners suspect that the more politically active inmates will be the ones most frequently "misdiagnosed." Dr. Stephen Sheppard, who heads the MPDU facility, agrees that there is "the potential for abuse. . . . All I can say is as long as I'm in charge it's not going to happen." His superior at Vacaville, Dr. Pope, laments: "There's no trust in us. What's happened to trust in this country?"

What's happening at Vacaville is only a sample of what's happening all over the world, as technological tools come into the hands of psychiatrists and bureaucrats. Female sex hormones are injected into male sex offenders in Australia; 100,000 brain operations were performed last year, many of them on ordinary neurotics; drugs are dispensed to hyperactive (or hyper-bored) kids in schools to slow them down; prisoners are subjected to the most horrifying aversion therapy. (Says Dr. Arthur Nugent, who administered Anectine to prisoners at Vacaville, "The prison grapevine works fast and even the toughest have come to fear and hate the drug. I don't blame them—I wouldn't have the treatment myself for the world.") More and more, political considerations become paramount in psychiatry—openly within the Soviet Union, more subtly perhaps in the United States. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Venus Will Now Say a Few Words'

SPEAKING AND LANGUAGE: DEFENCE OF POETRY. *By Paul Goodman. Random House. 242 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT MERIDETH
Mr. Merideth is chairman of American Studies at the University of California, Davis. For 1972-73 he has been appointed a Fellow of the National Endowment for the Humanities to write a book tentatively entitled Culture Against Nature: Paul Goodman and Adam.

Paul Goodman's "chief message" in *Speaking and Language* may be that he loves American English, as he says, but the love remains background to the fighting noises in the foreground. As in 1964 in his germinal review of Bloomfield and Newmark's *A Linguistic Introduction to the History of English,* he criticizes linguistics for both its scientific pretensions and its political implications. As in earlier books on other subjects, he has managed to grasp not only the outlines but the subtleties of the subject, and the criticisms are knowledgeable and cogent. What he called in 1964 an "aggressive and prestigious battalion" of scientific linguists has since grown stronger. They will not like the book.

Goodman attacks linguists in part for their scientistic hubris, for their pride in thinking they have successfully translated the methods of the natural sciences into a system for dealing adequately with the most human of subjects, language. What, he asks, is the "point of science' which does not clarify what is really going on?" How plausible is an activity whose very method of investigation has produced the artifact on which theory is built? As Goodman sees it, anthropologists, positivists and structuralists like Sapir, Whorf, Saussure, Bloomfield, Hjelmslev, Harris, Jakobson, Vygotsky and even Chomsky have tried to comprehend the variability of language and linguistic situations by constructing an abstracted calculus, a formula for a "code." Their limited and technical way of talking about language has captured the field, held the subject prisoner, and disciplined it. But they have bypassed the colloquial, vernacular, situational counterevidence. They say that such phenomena are not susceptible to scientific analysis and are not "evidence," and given their assumptions about science and their paradigms they are right. Properly understood, however, the evidence undermines the structures they have built and worked within for at least twenty years.

Politically, Goodman plays for high stakes, not so much the future of the language (which he thinks can take care of itself) as the future of men in culture. He does not explicitly project a future. But running through the whole of the book there is an underground fear of an abstracted common-code world, a nightmare scene of linguistic automatons. In that world, "speech-utterances" are not just theoretically but actually "trivial and unimportant" in themselves (Bloomfield). Communications in "simplest grammar" or controlled Basic Vocabulary between administrators and committees are the characteristic instances of language. Information bits are exchanged in sentence strings. Translation machines are as common as typewriters. Language is conceptualized as merely a sign system, tautological, standardized, constant, supra-individual—an instrument. Positivism and the pathology of code correctness prevail. To the degree that such a caricature seems merely to describe things as they are, American culture has already moved in a historical direction compatible with the thrust of recent language theory. Goodman is made "politically uneasy by it" and he is "so polemical," he says, because "cultural anthropology, Basic languages, scientific linguistics, communications engineering, and the Theory of Communications . . . usually treat human communication as far more mechanical than it is; they are technological in an antihumanistic sense. They suit State and corporate policy too well. . . ."

Goodman's own "bias" is to "play up the animal, spontaneous, artistic, and populist forces in speech," forces that are "both agitational and deeply conservative," as he thinks good politics is. He asserts an alternative world, half arguing it exists, half hoping it will emerge. He relies on the resilience of the colloquial mode and on decentralization into real communities. There, speaking or not speaking makes a difference. Language intervenes in and shapes events. Not a code, but variations (of style, rhythm, tone, feeling, syntax and vocabulary) make "meaning in the situation, which is all the meaning there is." Ambiguity is tolerable, spontaneity is possible, and disinterestedness is desirable. The language is good because institutions are good. The sub-languages of communities enrich experience instead of "depoverishing" it. The categorical and the concrete complement each other. The rigidities of format are relaxed. The *avant-garde* dissolves, no longer needed. Language is describable as authentic, various, modifying, novel, uniquely appropriate, concrete, inventive, immediate, feelingful and imaginative.

The close relation between sociopolitical criticism and loving affirmation in *Speaking and Language* reproduces the pattern of Goodman's earlier books, at least three of which have strong claims to status as modern classics. *Communitas: Means of Livelihood and Ways of Life* (1947, 1960) rejects the unsatisfactory relation in the United States between the secondary, man-made physical environment and fully human activity, proposes in detail three rational community paradigms, and argues for a middle mode according to which "every part of life has value in itself as both means and end." *Gestalt Therapy* (1951) criticizes experimental psychology, human engineering, neurotic dualisms, and the institutions that encourage Americans to live in a state of chronic emergency; it affirms creative adjustment, the relation between art and health, the structure of actual situations, experiment, context and contact. *Growing Up Absurd* (1960) describes the disgrace of the organized system and the disaffection of the younger generation, and argues for coping with the "youth problem" by creating a better world for young people to grow up in. The pattern is one in which, criticizing the designers and the design of things, Goodman offers sometimes utopian but usually plausible and always humanistic alternatives.

Each of these major books has had considerable force. They are still read and talked about. Clearly, however, they are more intimately related to one another than was understood by readers in the 1960s, when Goodman first became visible on a national level. They are related not only in their common movement between criticism and affirmation, but as well by supporting and assuming one another. (Goodman has provided clues to the interrelations by quoting himself in his recent books.)

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The characterization of human nature and health in *Gestalt Therapy* provides the perspective from which to criticize the physical environment in *Communitas* and the schooling system in *Growing Up Absurd*. Always, Goodman means to rectify and humanize the life of men and women in American culture—locating the self in its contexts, describing the physical environment in which life can best be nurtured, seeing the socio-economic system (particularly the schooling system) clearly and critically, and now showing (as in part he did in *Gestalt Therapy*) how language is a crucial aspect of "our way of being in the world." The first half of *Speaking and Language*, in its attempt to remodel the discussion of language and language situations, makes full sense read not only in the context of the linguistics of the past twenty years but as well in the context of Goodman's earlier work.

The second half of the book defends literature. In principle, Goodman argues, the language itself (as opposed to the discussion of it) can be improved in three ways: by forthrightly acting to reform political and social institutions and the general culture, which would regenerate the people who speak, who will then speak better; by reconstructing the common code and making constructed languages in the manner of Carnap, C. K. Ogden or Chomsky's simplest grammar; or through literature. The first he does not discuss except by indirection in this book; about the second he is dubious; for the third he develops a "defence" of literature that is persuasive, belongs in a long tradition of rebels and defenders, and has the qualities of testament. Of the forty books he has written, Goodman is most serious about the poetry, fiction and plays, though they are the least read and remarked upon. *Speaking and Language* puts them, the literary process, and literature in general firmly into the sequence of criticism and affirmation at the heart of his cultural commentary. Literature is an "indispensable" renovator of "desiccated and corrupt language" and perception, the common language improved. Therefore, working backwards, it may contribute to the improvement of men's life in culture. That is not to say that *The Empire City, Making Do, Adam and His Works, The Lordly Hudson, Hawkweed, Faustina* and the others should be read primarily as political works or as cultural criticism. It does suggest, however, that they serve language and life in ways that have logical connections with Goodman's works of social, psychological, and linguistic criticism. Goodman argues in *Speaking and Language* that the virtue of a writer, no matter what form he invents or borrows, is that he "writes it through," with a beginning, middle and end, and that he makes sense. No one writing now in America makes better sense of literary subjects. His ability to combine linguistic criticism, politics, a version of the nature of man, anthropology, the history of philosophy, and autobiographical testament with literary analysis, and to make a closely woven fabric of argument, seems magical. *Speaking and Language* is an exemplar of its affirmations and will, like the three earlier books, become a modern classic. What is more, it belongs to a larger design, a substantial corpus of interrelated works, that collectively makes the kind of indigenous sense Americans could do worse than attend and respond to. □

Starting at Fulton, Missouri

STRUGGLE AGAINST HISTORY: U.S. Foreign Policy in an Age of Revolution. *Edited by Neal D. Houghton. Simon & Schuster. 375 pp. Paper $2.95.*

COLD WAR CRITICS: Alternatives to American Policy in the Truman Years. *Edited by Thomas G. Paterson. Quadrangle Books. 313 pp. $10.*

H. H. WILSON
Mr. Wilson is in the Department of Politics at Princeton University.

Recently Sen. J. William Fulbright presented (*The New Yorker*, January 8) a remarkable analysis—and confession—of American foreign policy since 1945. "For reasons still not wholly known and understood," according to the Senator, the cold war began almost as soon as World War II ended. The Truman Doctrine, proclaimed on March 12, 1947, became "the basic rationale . . . for the Cold War. . . . From Korea to Berlin to Cuba to Vietnam, the Truman Doctrine governed America's response to the Cold War."

Senator Fulbright emphasizes that "the policy makers of the forties, fifties and early sixties were never compelled to reexamine the premises of the Truman Doctrine, or even to defend them in constructive adversary proceedings." Only a few isolated voices in the executive branch, in Congress and in the universities attempted to raise alternatives to the premises of the official policy, and of those who did, many "paid dear for it." One may wonder how much better future examinations will be when *The New York Times* reports (January 30, 1972) that "the Senate Foreign Relations Committee held an organizational meeting this week, but only 4 of the 15 members showed up and most of them did not stay for long." Chairman Fulbright observed: "This is the kind of committee that Senators like to be on, but they don't like to do anything."

Since 1945 the American people have accepted without question the official rationalizations of U.S. policy. True, there has been deliberate official deception and manipulation perpetrated on an ever expanding scale by all administrations. As John Foster Dulles asserted: "The creation of a vast armament in itself calls for a condition midway between war and peace. Mass emotion on a substantial scale is a prerequisite. The willingness to sacrifice must be engendered. A sense of peril from abroad must be created." One is reminded of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's observation: "Our government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear—kept us in a continuous stampede of patriotic fervor—with the cry of grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real."

Our anti-Communist paranoia, the uncritical acceptance of a "disease theory" of communism, has made us vulnerable to those in government, in universities, and in the mass media who distort the truth, promote an official dogma and manipulate public response. It is, therefore, probably a mistake to believe that had the administration involved in fighting an illegal and immoral war against the people of Southeast Asia revealed their true motives, it would have prevented the tragedy. Vietnam has had popular support not alone because of official deceit but because most Americans have uncritically accepted the necessity and desirability of U.S. imperial policy. It would be encouraging to believe that the publication of the Pentagon Papers and the Anderson Papers would stimulate a major reevaluation of the premises of American foreign policy.

Two recent books provide extensive and invaluable documentation to challenge official doctrine and the liberal thesis that Vietnam is the result of accident, error, miscalculation. The fact is, of course, that involvement in South

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east Asia is a perfectly logical result of policy premises this country has operated on for twenty-five years. One volume, edited by Neal D. Houghton, *Struggle Against History*, represents the work of an older generation of scholars who have, in a real sense, set an example for those who would practice Noam Chomsky's conception of the responsibility of intellectuals: "Intellectuals are in a position to expose the lies of governments, to analyze actions according to their causes and motives and often hidden intentions."

It is impossible to do justice to thirty essays in a brief review. All are worth reading. The Houghton volume includes essays by scholars who have long offered alternatives to the official line: William Appleman Williams, Fred Warner Neal, Arnold Toynbee, Dena F. Fleming, Joan Robinson. Many of these individuals have encouraged their students to continue the tradition of critical scholarship. *Cold War Critics*, edited by Thomas G. Paterson, consists of ten essays written by younger scholars examining the efforts of a diverse group of critics. They were united only in "their generally shared belief that reconciliation with the Soviet Union was possible without sacrificing the national interest, that American foreign policy and its misconceptions were helping to aggravate Soviet-American friction, that the cold war should not be increasingly militarized, and that the conflict threatened American institutions and cherished principles at home."

The collection includes analyses of the work of three Senators—Robert Taft, Claude Pepper, Glen Taylor; two journalists—Walter Lippmann, I. F. Stone; a Presidential candidate—Henry A. Wallace; a Wall Street banker—James P. Warburg. There is an extremely valuable review of "Black Critics of Colonialism and the Cold War," including W.E.B. Du Bois, Paul Robeson and Max Yergan. All these critics presented a variety of policy options. All were ignored. Most were vilified and dismissed as "either deluded or uninformed . . . conscious troublemakers, irrational misfits, or dangerous traitors. Their suggested policy alternatives were seldom examined carefully for merit." In the concluding essay, "The Threat to Civil Liberties," Athan Theoharis offers a useful reminder that in its pursuit of its cold-war aims the Truman administration was primarily concerned to prove its anti-communism, and thus it prepared the way for the excesses of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. It was Truman's assistant, Clark Clifford, who provided the prescription for defeating Henry Wallace: "Every effort must be made *now* jointly and at one and the same time—although of course, by different groups—to dissuade him and also to identify him and isolate him in the public mind with the Communists." Theoharis documents the fact that within the administration there were responsible critics who persistently warned against the dangers of the loyalty program and its use by the Department of Justice and the FBI to maximize their powers. He concludes that "there is serious doubt that any loyalty program was needed during the Cold War period." It did, however, serve to discredit those who tried to suggest that, as Professor Paterson comments, "the Cold War was not cut and dried, foreordained, or inexorable." □

The Declensions of Duty

THE GERMAN LESSON. *By Siegfried Lenz. Translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins. Hill & Wang. 471 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

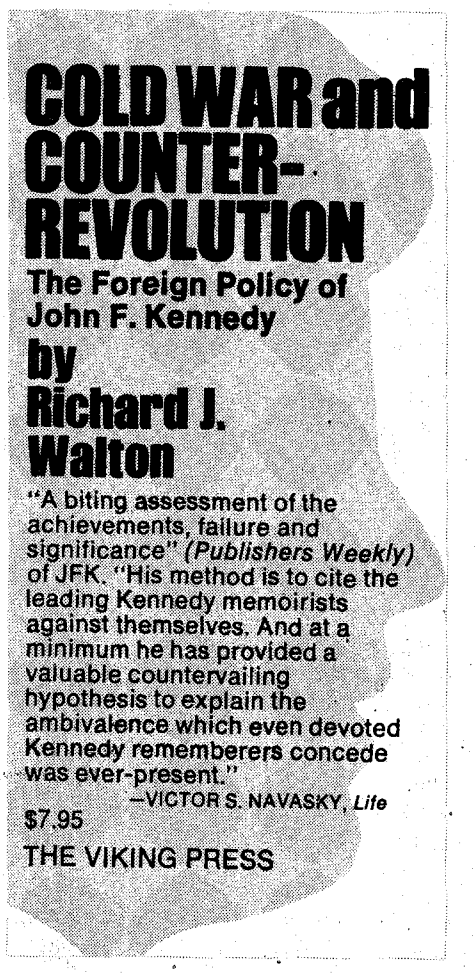
Mr. Morris has written several books of criticism on British fiction, and frequently reviews contemporary literature.

Explicit or implicit, the principal themes of the postwar German writer have been the probing of the guilt of the Nazi years, and remorse: remorse for his people's complicity in boosting Hitler to power; remorse for its studied blindness and silence in keeping him there; remorse for the pogroms and purges that foreshadowed "the final solution"; remorse for the paralysis and death of German culture; remorse for the holocaust; and, of course, remorse for the author's having had to grow up feeling angry, frustrated, impotent, guilty—and remorseful.

However universal the theme, the tone and method are personal to the individual writer. Heinrich Böll's *The Clown* is done as feverish confession, Ralph Hochhuth's *Deputy* as passionate, direct indictment, Günther Grass's parodic *Tin Drum* as pseudo-history and incredible autobiography, and Jakov Lind's *Soul of Wood* as nightmarish anecdote rendered dispassionately, dryly, clinically. Such books have been attempts at self-analysis without self-annihilation: attempts, that is, by the writers—who as kids and teen-agers saw National Socialism progress from *Putsch* to apocalypse—to keep from crucifying themselves on the *Hakenkreuz* raised and heiled by their fathers and grandfathers.

Such, anyway, has been much of the writing to date. Now, Siegfried Lenz, who despite his considerable reputation in Germany is here almost totally unknown—though not, I imagine, for long—has published a remarkably earnest and important novel that departs with finality from this *idée fixe*. Without breast-beating accusations, without sounding strident, angry or suicidal, Lenz moves toward realizing new dimensions and perspectives on the German sensibility that must contribute to our eventual understanding of the madness of the times.

The German Lesson (first published in Germany in 1968) is the transcription into a long line of gray copybooks of the experiences of Siggi Jepsen, 21, inmate at an institution for delinquent boys—the adjective ultimately takes on metaphoric force—on an island in the Elbe. Assigned by his German teacher to write a brief essay on "The Joys of Duty," Siggi obsessively relates the story of his life since 1943, from his boyhood in the small Frisian village of Rugbüll near the Danish border, to his arrest ten


COLD WAR and COUNTER-REVOLUTION
The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy
by Richard J. Walton
"A biting assessment of the achievements, failure and significance" (Publishers Weekly) of JFK. "His method is to cite the leading Kennedy memoirists against themselves. And at a minimum he has provided a valuable countervailing hypothesis to explain the ambivalence which even devoted Kennedy rememberers concede was ever-present."
—VICTOR S. NAVASKY, Life
$7.95
THE VIKING PRESS

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A Tale of Two Professors with differing views of

The FORGING of the AMERICAN EMPIRE by Sidney Lens

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in *Saturday Review:*

"This book purports to be a history of American imperialism.... Lens's basic aim is to replace the notion of 'America the benevolent' by his own of America the aggressive.... Does Mr. Lens really think we moved into Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines, Vietnam, or even Latin America in order to open vast markets for American goods?... History shows that the search for power has been a far more abiding cause of imperial expansion than the search for profits..."

Stephen E. Ambrose in *The Progressive:*

"Sidney Lens tells a story—the story of a nation that has engaged in almost ceaseless warfare since its inception, all the while proclaiming its love of peace; a nation that has directly conquered, through aggressive war against Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards, and others an enormous sweep of territory, and later forged a world empire while maintaining its innocence of imperialistic designs.... It is, in my view, the most important kind of history, for Lens wants to help all of us understand our own past better so that we will know how we got where we are, and learn what to do about the mess we are in."

$10.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

FIRST IMAGES

Goldfish; between the green pond
and sea, barbed wire and dangerous sand.

An elaborate castle of snow.

Children eating their dinners on doorsteps.
Shop-girls eating their dinners at counters,
their gravy buttoned with snouts of drowned foxes.

Alan Dixon

years later for stealing paintings by the internationally famous Max Ludwig Nansen.

The plight of Nansen—a thinly veiled allusion to the expressionist Emil Nolde, whose real name was Emil Hansen—sets the action and the theme of the novel. Declared by Berlin a "degenerate artist," Nansen is forced to surrender dozens of paintings to Siggi's father, Jens Jepsen (the local police chief and the artist's oldest friend), and forbidden to paint further. Jens's notion of "duty" becomes monomaniac. Totally identifying himself with the fatherland and the Nazi regime, he confiscates Nansen's work, spies on him, burns his sketches, and tries to burn his new canvases. More and more attracted by the defiance and independence of Nansen as a man, and by his fierce devotion to art and creation, and repelled by his father's implacable, destructive adherence to duty, Siggi helps Nansen work on in secret. When these attempts fail—the constable, now crazed, and with a *Götterdämmerung* gleam in his eye, is ubiquitous—Siggi, himself slightly paranoid, envisioning all of Nansen's works going up in flames, begins stealing them, and is caught trying to lift one from a gallery in Allied-occupied Hamburg.

On the surface, Siggi's confessional scribblemania, his compulsion to endlessly expand his essay—interweaving reminiscences, digressions, character sketches and long prose poems (after Nansen's paintings) of the bleak, brooding land and seascapes of Northern Germany—shows Lenz's own compulsion to summon the furies of the past in the hope of exorcising them. In a profounder way, though, Siggi's writing so zealously and so much is in itself symbolic of the fanatical, duty-ridden mind that insanely swept the old Germany to the abyss, and most of Europe with it. For to purge anew the German conscience is not what Lenz is after in *The German Lesson*. Rather, his immense energies seem directed to describing, pondering, analyzing, synthesizing, even allegorizing the Teutonic fixation on duty that could produce, on the one hand, through intellectual creativity, a Nansen and 300 years of *Kultur*, and on the other, through slavishness to authoritarian discipline, a decade and a half of abominations and death.

Thomas Mann himself popularized the idea (*Doctor Faustus*, 1947) that in its energy and genius Germany trod a fine line between the artistic and the demonic, and could as easily tip one way or the other, could create a Beethoven or a Hitler. Mann understood Germany to be a Faustian nation, one whose will to possess all knowledge and experience must eventually try everything—including gas ovens—and traced the desire back to something in the soul. Lenz reduces Mann's Olympian metaphysics to mind and body. Duty, etched atavistically into the character of the ideal German, informs every action; it is the ruling passion that supplies both vision and distortion of vision. As Siggi sums it up: "In the end it [his father's surveillance of the painter] was a fixed idea—the way people always develop it if they're just set on doing their duty and nothing else. It turned into a sort of disease, or perhaps even worse."

Lenz's conclusion that addicts t duty may be as destructive as delinquent from it is scarcely paradoxical. Wor than any "disease" is the epidemic th gallops through Germany like a nightmare. The lives of those in Rugbüll are all infected; some are destroyed by this rigid heeling to obligation. Jens Jepsen is severed from his friends, alienated from his sons; Siggi, torn between allegiances, turns paranoid; even a visionary artist like Nansen is implicated in his wife's death, his titanic urge to paint driving all before it; the duty imperative, as it were, shouts down the last gasp of humanism.

Consequently, Lenz's most sustained, impressive achievement to date (he is the author of two previous novels, *The Lightship* and *The Survivor*) is, however powerful as a quest for historical and moral truth, in the end more disturbing, ambiguous and ironic than it is conclusive. Out of these *post facto* patternings of lives during the war years a blur still emerges. "The joys of duty" and "only he who can obey is fit t

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:ommand" remain "useful subjects" for :ompositions; there is a penal institu-ion for juvenile delinquents, but none :or "elderly delinquents," because after ı certain age "they are no longer eli-gible for rehabilitation"; as Jens spied on Nansen so the clinical psychologist—ınd Siggi's friend—spies on Siggi; Siggi, who has first-hand knowledge of the ɔast, interprets it subjectively; Macken-:oth (the psychologist) treats him and ıis life objectively, writing on "Art and Criminality" from second-hand experi-ence; Jens is now a constable in the postwar government, and Nansen is considered a "cosmic decorator" by the snotty postwar generation. How often must status and power be exposed as precarious and arbitrary before men cease to idealize them? One sympathizes with the spiritual and physical stresses of the Nazi period, but wonders, as Lenz makes certain one wonders, whether *The German Lesson* has really been learned well, or at all—in Germany and elsewhere. □

A Place of Clouds and Slaughter

A LESSON FROM THE CYCLOPS AND OTHER POEMS. *By Raphael Rudnik. Random House. 81 pp. $4. Paper $1.95.*

GRACE SCHULMAN
Mrs. Schulman has published poetry and reviews in literary journals, and has completed a study of the poetry of Marianne Moore.

A Lesson from the Cyclops and Other Poems is the first collection of a mature writer whose marvelous work has not been sufficiently marveled at. Raphael Rudnik is a poet of irreverent praise, recklessly celebrating the wonder of common things. Defiantly, he cuts across rhythmic expectations, wrenching individuality out of the traditional forms —sonnet, *aubade,* eclogues—by straining against their theoretical patterns.

This book is remarkable for its range of tone: tenderness and harsh mockery are set side by side, either in the same poem or in adjacent pieces. Rudnik can be desperate, or wildly comic, or both—an all-too-human being innocently asking into a nightmarish reality:

> *The wind was blowing coldly through the hotel-lobby.*
> *"You mean that English lady—poetry is her hobby?*
> *She's gone* today. *Sailed. Too bad," the clerk kissed out.* "Muse,"
> *I screamed, frightening him,* "thank you for this gift I cannot refuse."
> ("A Good to be Endured")

His poems recount an ironic quest for a more lawful, or at least more comprehensible, universe. The first section, "A Letter for Emily," centers on the young hero's heartbreaking though ortunate loss of his "first true world," ı Eden where innocent lovers and /aterfalls and "scattering bushes" are eighbors to such monstrosities as the Charity Dinner," at which "Steaks, gars, brandy, varicosities/Of flesh dis-.pear in a horn of smoke." What follows in the second part, "A Lesson from the Cyclops," is an infernal vision of the contemporary instant that leads to an awakening in the third section, "Acts." This bewildered Odyssey is set in motion by a wonderful play of contraries—innocence and evil, tenderness and violence, sound and quietude. The opposites are in the imagery ("red Easter dawned in the west") or in countervailing themes, or in tonal contrasts such as lyricism and raw irony. The sections, too, are antithetical: at the last, the antinomies are not resolved but objectified by the creative act, in a state beyond contraries.

It is his manner, though, that is so compelling. Rudnik takes us on a tour of a fantasy landscape with a newsreel setting: Times Square, the Atomic Bar in Paris, the Race-Track (presumably Saratoga Springs) are place names in a journey on which travelers are befuddled by irrational inscriptions, such as a sign that reads on one side, "State Road Ends Here," and on the other, "State Road Begins Here." A great observer, Rudnik presents the things he sees in ways that are at once real and faithful to psychic distortion. He has us believe, for example, that "Sun swung through wrecked mist," and declares "I returned/To the urgent, coastal patterning of sight." In "The Target," whose subject is one of the dizzying assassinations of the 1960s, the poet persuades us that "Office windows, like open shining graves/Showed death glittering in fragile evidences."

A socially committed poet, Rudnik presents his view not of a world that is like a dream but of a nightmare that *is* contemporary reality, a somnambulist's universe rendered with utter fidelity to detail. It is as though he had followed Ezra Pound's precept to use only the natural object, drawn with precision, but brought the principle up to date by extending it to the thing deformed in a place of horror.

LATE AFTERNOON For The NATION-STATE

by SAM DARCY

A Study of the Origins, Growth, Present Position, and Possible Future of the Nation-State as a Form of Social Organization

Contents:

Genesis of the Modern Nation-State
Religion and Nationhood
European Nation Builders
Birth and Evolution of the United States as a Nation
Nationalism and Internationalism in the Socialist World
The New Nation-States of the 20th Century
The Internationalization of Production
Too Late for Militarism! Too Soon for One World?
Notes—Bibliography—Index

"Mr. Darcy's LATE AFTERNOON FOR THE NATION-STATE is a tour de force of mature scholarship. . . . His treatment of this complex subject is balanced, readable, meticulously documented, learned in the best sense.

"His book should be read by responsible persons around the world, but especially by thoughtful Americans, for as he shows it is we who, with our awesome economic and military power, must more than any other re-think our national policies if the world is to be spared the man-made Armageddon which lies in wait for us if nationalism fails to give way. LATE AFTERNOON FOR THE NATION-STATE is truly a fine book."

—Charles Larrowe
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Rather than use bare diction and a paucity of images to re-create social madness, Rudnik has us hear a crazily impassioned rhetoric and see our destructive world with unbearable clarity. The central figure of "Baal," for instance, who represents the consciousness that survives a brutal civilization, is displayed in this way:

Baal while watching a vulture overhead
Hears what the vulture in his skull has said:
"Play dead. That body like a bunch of bloody knives
Will land on you in the last of its dives!"

And in Rudnik's fine "Eclogues," a cyclonic love affair is objectified by the mad dream of a man who

"Sea-whispered to me: 'Look in my eyes.' He had grown close enough
To show the white one untidy with veins, the red
Shut by a white lid. 'Red will riot and rot
Color like the great cliff which is the last thing seen
In life. The blood stream bursts into all shapes
It was not before becoming black clay in the ground. . . .'"

It is this poet's gift to convey the presence of honor, love, trust, in the very process of writing about the absence of those things. That happens in "Mothy in the Mind," an ambitious comic epic in which a psychedelic experience is used as a metaphor for a godless drug-as-love culture. The poem is a satire on the contemporary upheaval, focusing on a figure named "Mothy," a committed drug user, whose "slate-blind eyes and slack poor-mouthed face/Seemed to protest everything," and who declares: *"You are the first generation of youth/Not to be trapped in the nervous system."* Curiously, what emerges from this treatment is the unstated quality of human integrity, which is hardly to be found among "Mothy" and his friends. At the climax, the poet suddenly changes his tone from derision to prayer:

Oh absence, between uncut sky and its floor—
Understand what it is to understand
The world is a place of clouds and slaughter,
Where clear colors of vulgarity run
Beautifully small as they break in the sun
Into a real image of man again:
That quarried emptiness which no sky takes.

The music of that last line (to me reminiscent of Hopkins' "He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: Praise him") intensifies its affirmation of mankind, in spite of the wasteland vision it follows. Rudnik's poetry embodies the conviction that human wholeness asserts itself through the densest repressive barriers, and that by seeing enough squalor one is bound to comprehend nobility.

It is, finally, the wonder of life that Rudnik would have us experience in these pages, from his excited *aubade,* "Morning Song," at the beginning of the book:

Your back seems to haul the first light.
Now where
The round red squad of powers turn you
And I are one thing that can only say
We will always thank God for day, the day!
I look back at time and I see you.
Your goodness has slept in my body where
It woke this morning song, hurtling homeward close
To what once gone will make us die outside.

If Raphael Rudnik seems demanding at times, it is the result of his determination to realize the misery and grandeur of a world he can love only by that realization. His songs are terrible and beautiful and tough and undeniably human. □

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FILMS/Robert Hatch

Francis Ford Coppola's screen version of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* is showing at five houses in New York, and lines form at each of them for every performance. I don't want to draw from that too severe an inference about hysterical enthusiasm for a three-hour chronicle of corruption, savage death and malignant sentimentality. Among other things, *The Godfather* is a strongly nostalgic film. Its period is post-World War II, but its flavor is of at least a decade earlier—it is a "big" picture, a Hollywood extravaganza of the sort that used to bring out the truck-mounted searchlights on opening night and the stars fluttering from autograph book to autograph book. It is what we remember the golden days of the giant studios to have been like, and industry romance draws a crowd.

But that said, the success of *The Godfather* is deplorable, if you believe that popular entertainment both reflects and modifies social morale. In a sentence, the picture forces you to take sides, to form allegiances, in a situation that is totally without moral substance. It chilled me to hear an audience roar its approval when a young gangster on "our" side blew the brains out of two gangsters on "their" side. The ethical problem is to choose between typhus and cholera and I found that flogging about for three hours in that quagmire was spiritually debilitating and a crazy waste of time.

The authors of this film would say that they do not pander to vice, and I would agree at least that they do not intend to. They describe the society of Sicilian crime in America in the bleakest possible terms. It is shown to be rich but tasteless, powerful but enslaved, formidable without security, feverish, claustrophobic, strangled in rituals of spurious dignity, respect and love. There are ritual celebrations in *The Godfather,* but none of these people ever plays. Yes, just once: old Vito Corleone (Marlon Brando) romps in the garden with a grandchild—and falls dead of a heart attack.

In this respect, *The Godfather* is probably more scrupulous than the classic gangster films of the Muni, Raft, Cagney era. But it is also more persuasively internalized than I remember those movies to have been. It is not a view of crime but a view from deep within crime. You live with the Corleones in their most secret moments, sharing their passions, privy to their schemes, exulting in their coups, flinching when the bullets cut them down. There is no one in the picture to provide a bench mark of normality (the non-Italian, suburban wife of the younger Corleone might have done so, but Diane Keaton is given no chance to develop the role). Nor is this the theatre of ideas, wherein the audience weighs and judges from some distance; it is lust theatre—blood, genital and mawkish lust—and you are compelled to take sides or flee.

Or a critic can evade the choice by turning clinical, examining the picture instead of experiencing it. Coppola ha created a work that is extraordinary fo the thick, sickish luxury of its texture and weak in narrative organization. The period detail is brilliantly, ostentatiously accurate and the camera almost stroke-

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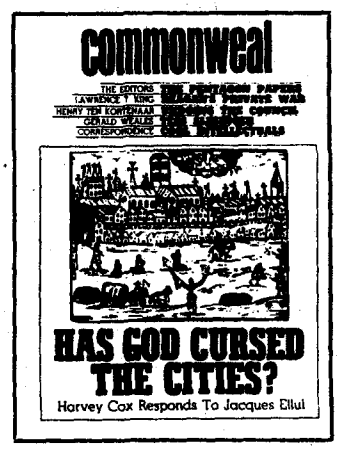

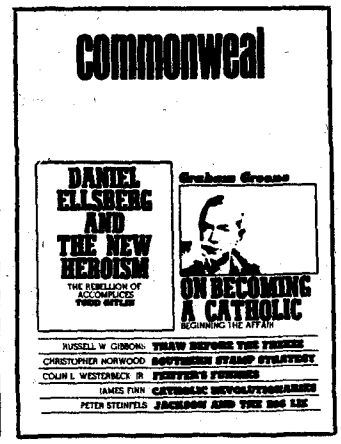

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the furnishings of Italo-American criminal society. But the film is clumsily edited, so that one is repeatedly disoriented and must scramble to catch up.

The action swirls around Brando (indeed, it rather flies to pieces for a considerable stretch while he lies comatose in hospital) and he works one of those almost magic performances in which an actor, while never really entering the mainstream of the proceedings, nevertheless dominates them. It is done by stage presence, that combination of authenticity and substance in which Brando has always excelled. In the present instance he is restrained, almost immobile, speaking in a thin, colorless, but penetrating voice —and patently mad. He sees himself the noble head of a princely family, imposing order on and dispensing justice to a fiefdom. In fact, he is an olive oil importer turned murderer for profit, ruling a pack of jackals by corruption and terror.

The other dominant performance is by Al Pacino, who plays Michael, heir to the mantle of Godfather. Pacino's resemblance to a Sicilian Dustin Hoffman is too exact to be accidental—it works beautifully for the purposes of the story, but it is not very enterprising. Michael is the character that best exemplifies the moral queasiness of the whole venture. He is the son whom old Corleone had chosen to escape from the gangster world and lead the family out into the free society (perhaps by buying him a Senator's seat). It is implicitly ironic, but in fact Michael is that stock fairy-tale hero—the least regarded, youngest son, whose sword alone can lop off the dragon's head. When the family's fortunes begin to falter, he takes over, and by a series of exquisitely timed and disgustingly explicit slaughters (conducted while he is participating in a baptism and swearing his fealty to God) restores the Corleones to their control over the traffic in gambling, women, liquor and drugs. What the film overlooks, or at least studiously refrains from showing, in Michael's metamorphosis from modest war hero to reptilian gang chief, is that there is a purpose behind all the plotting and killing: it is to determine which gang of Sicilians shall have the right to suck the life out of an unsuspecting public. The film is mad, but at the end, so is the audience. After the performance, I went shopping in an Italian section of town—it was reassuring to be among human beings again.

To attend on succeeding days *The Godfather* and Marcel Ophuls' *The Sorrow and the Pity* is to leap from sprawling triviality to splendor. Ophuls' picture is opportune—it gives reasonable ground to expect the survival of the often compromised but hitherto persistent spirit of human independence. It is a flame, not a conflagration, because not enough people will fight for it; but once in the recent past, a really determined effort was made to stifle it in circumstances and among people where it did not seem to be very ardently cherished, and yet it survived. That's a reason for hope.

The film will also probably grow more valuable as the decades pass, because it is a stern, unsparing, but in the end compassionate record of how men and women of three countries, and of the widest possible spectrums of principle and attainment, recalled, after thirty years, a great common experience. The subtitle of the picture is "Chronicle of a Town During the Occupation." The town, really a small city, is Clermont-Ferrand in the Massif Central; it was under Fascist domination, first indirectly through Vichy, then by German occupation, from 1939 to 1944. Many citizens of Clermont-Ferrand collaborated; many more merely endured; the Resistance began in the surrounding Auvergne countryside. Now Ophuls and his company of interrogators (they are all of that) persuade these survivors of Hitler's New Europe to recall what it was like, to reveal what they did and to judge their much younger selves across a considerable ravine of time.

The honesty is astonishing; the courage even more so—I don't refer here particularly to the courage of the brave, though it is tonic, but of those who were weak or indifferent or worse, and who now, under the stimulus of this project, have the resolution to define themselves. The film unit travels widely. It visits a German wedding breakfast, the father of the bride, Helmuth Tausend, having been a Wehrmacht captain in Clermont-Ferrand. Herr Tausend comes off badly, though it is not at all certain that he knows it. I get the impression that he was an adequate soldier and decent man when he was intruding on France, but the years have not endowed him with sensitivity. He seems to have thought it a pleasant idea to invite the Frenchmen to the family celebration, and regale them with his memories of himself as a gallant, correct warrior. He talks far too much and no one cuts him off; it is not merciful, but you feel it is just.

In England the crew talks to a flier who was shot down over Clermont-Ferrand (he remembers that his host got him twenty Gauloise cigarettes a day, and it wasn't until almost the end of his stay that he found him collecting the butts from the ashtrays at night) and it talks to Anthony Eden. Churchill's Foreign Secretary explains how events looked at the command level—why, for example, it was thought necessary to destroy a unit of the French fleet, a destruction of men and ships that still occasions incredulity in the cafés of Clermont-Ferrand. He speaks candidly of British shortcomings, but cannot be drawn into a discussion of the behavior of the French. "We were not invaded," he says, "and we don't know what it was like."

The film interpolates war footage (bombing raids, Jewish roundups, Hitler gleeful in Paris) and propaganda (excerpts from *Jew Süss*, contrasts between the "degenerate" French and the "noble" German folk) but always it returns to Clermont-Ferrand and the present. Alexis and Louis Grave are farmers, shrewd, prosperous, caps pulled low over their foreheads and with a look of suppressed amusement on their fat faces. They were Resistance fighters and one of them was shipped to Buchenwald, having been denounced by a neighbor. "What did you think about in the camp," he is asked. "Food," he replies. "People who thought about anything else didn't survive." He grins. Then he is asked whether he ever looked up that neighbor. "What

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for?" he replies, and grins again. I think the Grave brothers take it as a great joke that Hitler and his collaborators should have tried to get the better of them; it has kept them in good humor ever since. Most of the men who were in the Resistance seem to have had much the same idea; one of them, asked why he joined the Maquis, says approximately, "The situation was not satisfactory."

Enough—though I am not gutting the picture; it goes on for better than four hours and I cannot begin to cover the detail. There is Christian de la Mazière, who joined the Waffen SS, fought in Russia and will not let his inquisitor goad him into either apology or anger. I doubt that I would appreciate M. Mazière's views even today, but I salute him. Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie has a face and hands like those of Cocteau and was a founder of the "Liberation" movement. He was a black sheep anyhow, he says, so it wasn't so hard. Marcel Verdier is a pharmacist. Like Herr Tausend, he talks a great deal; perhaps because he did so little. But he is a puzzled man, not a complacent one; how did all that happen around him, and he took such small notice? A surprising number of the people in Clermont-Ferrand seem to feel that way—I recall particularly two schoolteachers—not guilty, but cheated.

I must stop, but readers will experience this same compulsion to relive the film; it is not a long picture, for all its hours—it is mesmeric. And that happens partly because of its content, partly because of its artistry. It is a masterpiece of editing, cutting back and forth from country to country, among groups and individuals, to weave a tight-grained and marvelously animated tapestry of an event that holds utterly different people in the meshes of a single experience. Pierre Mendès-France, who was jailed in Clermont-Ferrand until he went over the wall and joined the Free French in London, is in a sense the spokesman for the whole work. His wit, his intelligence, his powers of discrimination and his forbearance accept and hold together all the colors of the fabric. He is a man without illusions or despair; he does not forgive and he does not condemn. He gets on with the present, strengthened by the past, and the French are crazy not to make full use of him.

If there is a message, a theme, in the picture, my mind is not sufficiently synoptic to define it. Ophuls is driven by the hunger of a good reporter to master the facts of a most complex event and present them so that we who were not there can read it intelligently. He is neutral, with one proviso: he insists that you acknowledge the importance of the individual, *every* individual. It is not a matter of praise or blame, but of recognition. That is why *The Sorrow and the Pity*, whose dark base, after all, is set in suffering and death, is nevertheless a celebration of life.

About the English-language print—I saw the picture first in Paris and said that it could not be done; impossible to subtitle a film that contains thousands of words of conversation, and dubbing would destroy the authenticity. I was wrong. The producers use some titles, but principally they employ the "voice over" technique familiar to anyone who has heard a U.N. debate on television. However, these voices are chosen tactfully and with the most accurate ear for personality, to accord with the appearance and quality of the person speaking. The "match" is so excellent that you come from the theatre under the impression that by some miracle you suddenly understand the most rapid and colloquial French and German. I cannot estimate what hours of search and rehearsal went into these entirely "natural" graftings; they are a technical achievement worthy of Ophuls' stupendous work. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Though *The Country Girl* (Billy Rose Theatre) is not as "characteristic" a Clifford Odets play as *Awake and Sing, Paradise Lost, Rocket To The Moon* or *Golden Boy*, it is the one which has most frequently been revived. I have now seen four New York performances of it and one in Paris. The reason for the special interest, apart from any other merit, is that it provides three fat parts for personality actors.

When Odets wrote *The Country Girl* in 1951 he wanted and needed a *commercial* success. He wrote the play with less spiritual energy than he had spent on the previous ones. But he was too creative a person to set aside the man he was, the subjective self. Aiming at an effective story with opportunities for histrionic virtuosity, he wrote a play as much about his inner self as the personally prophetic and successful *Golden Boy* or the rather muddled *Big Knife*.

A play's plot is not its theme. Objectively, *The Country Girl* is about Frank Elgin, a once renowned actor now alcoholic and very nearly derelict. He is "finished." His wife Georgie has stood by him despite his aberrations and the lies he tells himself and others to explain his decline. An energetic and gifted young director, Bernie Dodd, in desperate need of an actor to replace a star who has quit a production during the second week of rehearsal, remembers Elgin, who was one of Dodd's boyhood idols. He calls him in as a replacement for the defector. The producer is horrified at the thought of taking a chance with the notoriously unreliable Elgin, but Dodd persists; he offers Elgin the difficult assignment.

Dodd questions Elgin as to the causes of the actor's downfall. Elgin blames it on his wife's disturbed state of mind; she had once tried to commit suicide after the loss of her child. He has had to be forever watchful to prevent a relapse. So he took to drink, that made him inept at learning lines, etc. Dodd is suspicious, even hostile, toward Georgie, whom he declares a bitch. He presumes that she has been taking advantage of her neurosis to emasculate her actor husband. She will prevent her husband, the director fears, from making the grade in his forthcoming production.

But we soon learn that Elgin's story is pure fabrication: it is Georgie who has sustained him. He is talented but grievously lacking in self-confidence, and she does everything possible to fortify his tremulous ego. He has a morbid need of reasssurance at every step and constantly rationalizes fantastically to mask his insecurity, his fear of failure. Through in-

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On the back of my right hand
I build a city,

place tiny trees and houses
with streets that go up straight,

come down in circles.
I gently wave my arm

as if to show you—
the glow between us

drifts a bit, then settles.
I've built a town to lose things

yet find myself in sun
that comes through fingers.

Rochelle Ratner

finite patience and nerve-racking struggle with Elgin's always imminent breakdown, she finally succeeds in seeing him through to a triumphant opening night.

The play's action is transparent; its "psychology" simple. What is essentially conveyed is that the deepest desire of such an artist as Elgin ("Odets") is the support of an immovably devoted, ever understanding and forbearing woman and the unshakable confidence of a fellow artist, to guide him in the pursuit of his profession. Such a person was what Odets in private called a "loyal witness."

There has always been something to me embarrassing in the sentimentality of the specifically theatrical facets of the play, its picture of stage life and "politics." But that is hardly important. The audience responds to the human interest of the story, which is real enough, and the play works to the degree that it is well acted.

It is very well acted in the present revival. Frank Elgin is centrally impressive only when played by an actor of heroic compass, as was Michael Redgrave in the London production. It is nearly always Georgie who most firmly captures the audience's imagination. There are several reasons for this: one is of course that the staunch, put-upon woman is more sympathetic than her selfish and errant husband. It is possible too that Odets saw himself, symbolically, in the woman role, and his various wives as her irresolute mate! It is therefore essential that the person playing Elgin convince the audience that he was formerly a great actor and that he may once again become one.

For such an actors' play as *The Country Girl* the director (John Houseman in this instance) need only supply intelligent guidance. Houseman has done so. The creative impact of the play is entirely Maureen Stapleton's. George Grizzard makes a sensible Dodd, playing the role honestly and simply. Jason Robards is a proficient and credible Elgin, showing considerable craft ease and insight. He is an admirable foil in the scenes of hectic conflict between Elgin and Georgie. What we do not sufficiently get is the sense of a lost grandeur and a stirring belief of the man's inner anguish, the excruciating lesion of self-doubt.

Maureen Stapleton is so moving because we perceive in her Georgie an extreme vulnerability that is transformed into great strength. What lends her strength is richness of feeling, always a source of power. Maureen Stapleton has enormous resources of sentience, the only treasure a person must possess to achieve truly human worth.

A number of reviewers have commented on the good old-time histrionic "fireworks" to be found in this production. Why "old-time"? Because it *is* acting, the use of the entire emotional organism—rather than just peripheral physical capacities—in the presentation of character. Because *The Country Girl*, through Stapleton in the interplay with Robards and Grizzard (in addition to a delicate performance by Joe Ponazecki as a young playwright), gives evidence of articulated personal experience, the play becomes a more rewarding theatre event than most others of the Broadway season.

I should also point out that within his text Odets indicates the exact nature of the play. Speaking of the vehicle in which Elgin is appearing, Georgie asks Dodd whether he really believes it to be "literature." No, Dodd answers, but with fine playing, which full-blooded actors may bring to it, it may assume a life on the stage of unmistakable potency. Odets was right and the present cast, in large measure, justifies him. □

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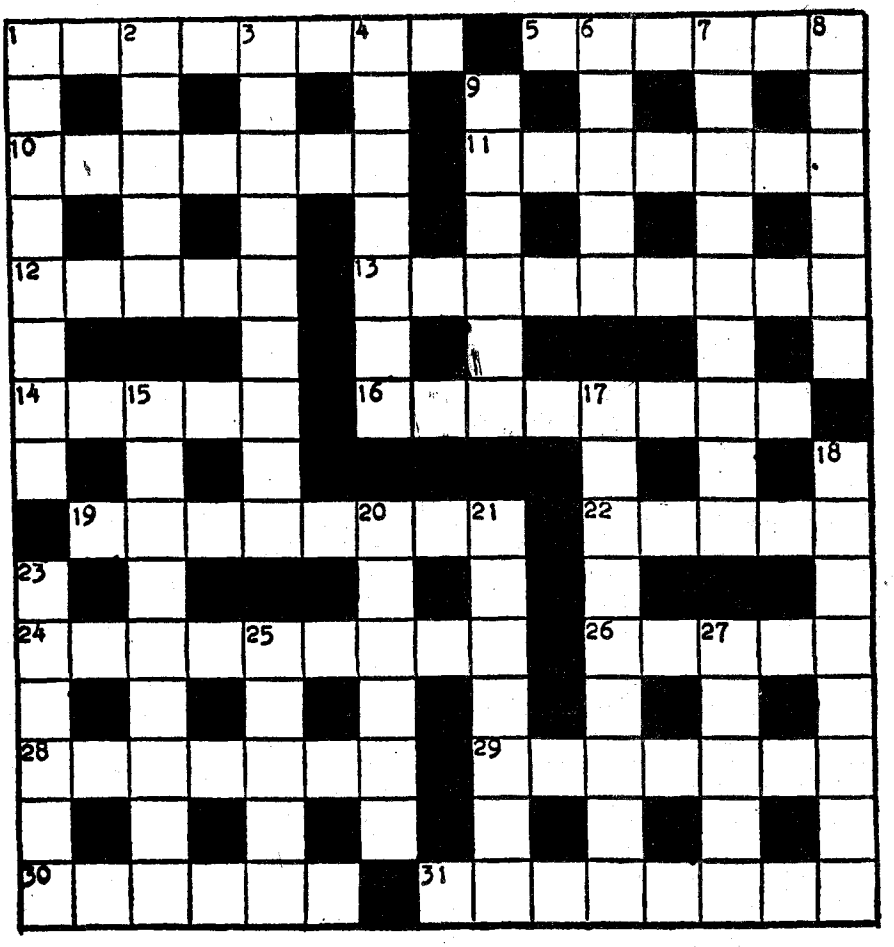
Crossword Puzzle No. 1436

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1, 16 and 10 Implying there isn't a sailor alive who can handle such things as a ketch, proving one had better remain undividedly loyal. (2,3,3,5,3,7)
5 See 1 down
10 See 1 across
11 Not much is spoken about the path of a planet, descriptively. (7)
12 See 29 across
13 A religious teacher could make a bad goose-egg about the joint, as the British say. (9)
14 Jawaharlal, for example. (5)
16 See 1 across
19 A tiny tot may be just a quiet thing that gives warning before striking. (8)
22 Our American canyon avoids what the Spanish need to make it sound. (5)
24 See 1 down
26 See 29 across
28 and 2 down A primitive form some man drags? (7,5)
29, 26 and 12 across Did they imply conflicting colors? (3,4,2,3,5)
30 Not neutral, being off the main track. (6)
31 Title scorned by one putting out a Woman's Lib publication. (8)

DOWN

1, 24 and 5 across Give up? It should be all you have to give up! (4,4,3,6,6)
2 See 28 across
3 Has to have new wine, or is old-fashioned of necessity? (5,4)
4 Like large, medium, and small courts? (7)
6 A premium brand always has the proper shade. (5)
7 How battle is formed for one just getting out of hot water? (4,5)
8 Their lines are not always those of kings. (6)
9 Does one shudder to feel it? (6)
15 A familiar salute to all diamonds, perhaps, useful in the farm system. (5,4)
17 In context, Rover tries to be the life of the party, perhaps. (9)
18 Backs up losers suffering from them? (8)
20 Not the cloth type, as one might say. (6)
21 Told what your folks and you are? (7)
23 What people cook on could be wide open. (6)
25 The cannon does, but not broadside. (3,2)
27 Perhaps a carpenter's line in exchange. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1435

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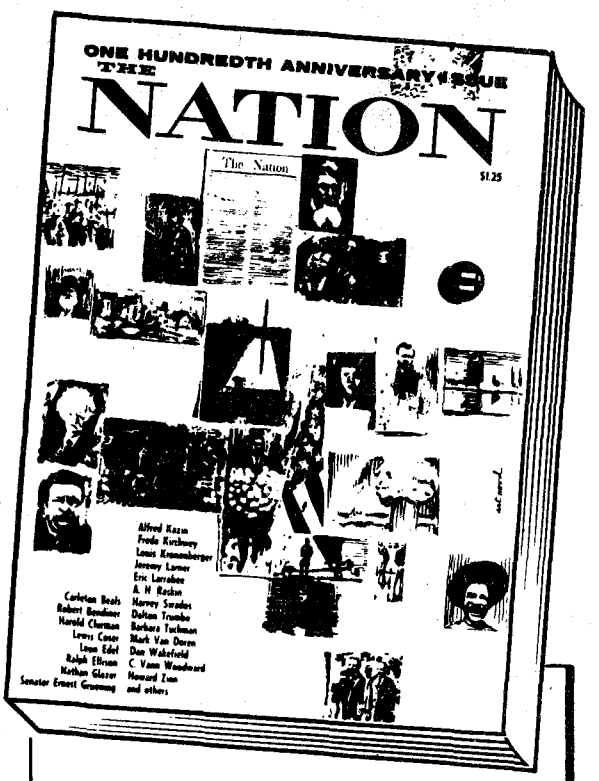

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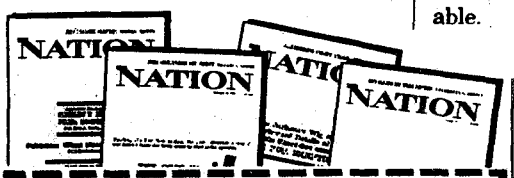

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